

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THESE events were communicated by letter to the members of the firm of Misses Brown and Kirsteen, Dress-makers to her Majesty, Chapel Street Mayfair. The medium of communication was Marg'ret, whose letters to her sister had become, to the vast enlightenment of the only member of the Drumcarro household who was qualified to collect circumstantial evidence, suspiciously frequent. Mary, it may be supposed, had not much time to give to correspondence, while the facts lately recorded were going on; but when all was settled she slipped into Marg'ret's hand a letter containing the important news. "I am not asking where she is—I am thinking that through your sister, Miss Jean, in London, ye might possibly find a means of getting it to Kirsteen's hand."

"It's an awfu' expense for postage, and a double letter. I will just be ruined," said Marg'ret; "and my sister Jean might not ken anything about the address."

"You could always try," said Mary derisively.

"That's true, I might try—for she's a very knowledgeable person, my sister Jean; but that will make a double letter—and how is the like of me to get a frank or any easement?"

"I will ask Glendochart—for he has  
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plenty of friends in the Parliament houses."

"I will have none from Glendochart! The Lord be praised, I have still a shilling in my pouch to ware upon my friends."

"Ye are just a jealous woman for your friends," said Mary with a laugh of triumph.

"Maybe I am that, and maybe I am not. I would neither wile away my sister's jo, nor take what anither's left," cried Marg'ret with unreasonable indignation. But Mary turned away with a demure smile. She had no such ridiculous prejudices. And perhaps it will be best to give in full her letter to Kirsteen explaining how everything came about.

DEAR CHRISTINA,—I am writing you a letter on the risk of perhaps not finding you; but I have the less fear of that that I have always been conscious Marg'ret Brown knew very well at the time where you were to be found. And the letters she gets and sends away have just been ridiculous. I would say one in a fortnight, never less. It stands to reason that it would not be her sister Jean she was writing to so often. So I made sure you were for something in it. And therefore it is with no little confidence that I send this. If ye do not receive it, you will not be able to blame me, for I will have done everything I could.

And I have a great deal to tell you, and in particular about Mr. Henry Campbell,

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of Glendochart, who was abroad for his health in the beginning of the year, and afterwards took up his old practice of visiting at Drumcarro, which was, you know, very well liked by every person: for he was very kind to the children, and brought them beautiful boxes of fine sweets made of chocolate from Paris, which they consumed from morning till night, my mother being always afraid it would put their stomachs out of order; but no harm followed. Now you know, Christina, that in former times when you were at home it was commonly believed by all the family that Glendochart was coming for you. But it would appear that this had been a mistake. Perhaps it was that his fancy was not fixed then between us two, being sisters and about the same age, which I am told is a thing that sometimes happens. But anyhow the other day him and me being on the road down to the linn—not that awful steep road that you were always trying to break your own neck and other folks' upon, but the road round that goes by the side of the hill—he began to talk to me very seriously, and to say that he had long been thinking upon a Person that would make him a good wife. And I said—that he might see there was no ill-will or disappointment—that I was sure she would be a happy woman, and that she should always find friends at Drumcarro. And on this he took courage and told me he hoped so, for it was just Me that was the Person, and that the offer he made me was one that he would not make to any other woman. I was very much surprised, thinking always that it had been You—but you being gone, and there being no possibility in that quarter, and being always very favourable to Glendochart myself and sure he would make a very good man—besides that it would be real good for my mother to get a change of air from time to time, and that it is better to be a married woman in your own good house, than a lass at home with nothing but what her father will lay out upon her (and you know how little that is), or even an Old Maid like Auntie Eelen, though in many ways she is very comfortable. But taking all things into consideration I just thought I would take Glendochart, who is a very creditable person in every way, and a fine figure of a man; though not so very young. And I hope you will have no feeling upon the subject as if I did wrong to take what they call my sister's leavings, and other coarse things of that kind. For of course if you had wanted him you would have

taken him when you had the offer, and it can do you no harm that another should have him, when you would not have him yourself.

So after all, dear Christina, this is just to tell you that on the 1st of June we are to be married by Mr. Pyper at Drumcarro. I will wear a habit which it was my desire should be of green cloth, with a little gold lace; but they all rose against me, saying that there was an old rhyme to the effect that—

“The bride that is married in green  
Her sorrow will soon be seen”—

so I yielded about that, and it is to be French grey, with a little silver upon the coat-tails and the cuffs and pockets, and a grey hat with a silver band and a grey veil; which will be very pretty and useful too, for grey does not show the dust as red would have done, which was what my mother wanted, being the fashion in her time. We will stay quietly for a week or two at our own house of Glendochart, and then he has promised that he will take me to London. I hope you will let me know by Marg'ret where I can find you, and I will come and see you. Perhaps in the changed circumstances you would rather not see Henry, though he has a most kindly feeling, and would never think of being guided by my father's ban which you might be sure would be placed upon you. Neither would I ever give in to it, especially as a married woman, owing no duty but to her husband, and him a real enlightened man. So there would be no difference made either by me or him, but very glad to see you, either in the place where you are, or at Glendochart, or wherever we might be. If I don't hear anything more particular I will come to Miss Jean Brown's when I get to London in hopes that she will tell me where to find you, especially as I cannot be in London without taking the opportunity to get a new gown or perhaps two, and I hear she is very much patronised by the first people, and in a very good position as a mantua-maker.

Now, dear Christina, I hope you will send me a word by Marg'ret about your address; but anyway I will come to Miss Brown's and find you out, and in the meantime I am very glad to have had the opportunity of letting you know all our news, and I remain

Your affectionate sister,

MARY DOUGLAS.

P.S.—My mother keeps just in her ordinary.

This letter was given to Kirsteen out of the cover which Miss Jean opened with great precaution on account of the writing that was always to be found on the very edge of the paper where the letter was folded, and under the seal. Miss Jean shook her head while she did so and said aloud that Marg'ret was very wasteful, and what was the good of so many letters. "For, after all," she said, "news will keep; and so long as we know that we are both well what is the object in writing so often? I got a letter, it's not yet three weeks ago, and here's another. But one thing is clear, it's not for me she writes them, and we must just try to get her a few franks and save her siller." But she gave what she called a *skreigh* as soon as she had read half a page. "It's your sister that's going to be married!" that was indeed a piece of news that warranted the sending of a letter. Kirsteen read hers with a bright colour and sparkling eyes. She was angry, which was highly unreasonable, though I have remarked it in women before. She felt it to be an offence that Glendochart had been able to console himself so soon. And she was specially exasperated to think that it was upon Mary his choice had fallen. Mary! to like her as well as me! Kirsteen breathed to herself, feeling, perhaps, that her intimate knowledge of her sister's character did not increase her respect for Mary. "Having known me, to decline on a range of lower feelings." These words were not written then, nor probably had they been written, would they have reached Kirsteen, but she fully entered into the spirit of them. Mary! when it was me he wanted! She did not like the idea at all.

"Yes," she said sedately, "so it appears;" but her breathing was a little quickened, and there was no pleasure in her tone.

"And is your sister so like you?" said Miss Jean.

"She is not like me at all," said Kirsteen. "She is brown-haired and

has little colour, and very smooth and soft in all her ways." Kirsteen drew a long breath and the words that she had spoken reminded her of other words. She thought to herself, but did not say it, "Now Jacob was a smooth man." And then poor Kirsteen flamed with a violent blush and said to herself, "What a bad girl I am! Mary has never been false or unkind to me—and why should not she take Glendochart when I would not take him? And why should the poor man never have anybody to care for him because once he cared for the like of me?"

Miss Jean did not, of course, hear this, but she saw that something was passing in Kirsteen's mind that was more than she chose to say. And, like a kind woman, she went on talking in order that the balance might come right in the mind of her young companion. "They will be coming to London," she said, "just when the town is very throng—and that is real confusing to folk from the country. If it will be pleasing to you, Miss Kirsteen, I will ask them to their dinner; that is if they will not think it a great presumption in the like of me."

To tell the truth Kirsteen herself felt that Marg'ret's sister was not exactly the person to entertain Glendochart and Mary, who were both of the best blood in the country; but she was too courteous to say this. "It would be very kind of you, Miss Jean," she said, "but I am not sure that it would be pleasing to me. Perhaps it would be better to let them just take their own gait and never to mind."

"I have remarked," said Miss Jean, "in my long experience that a quiet gentleman from the country when he comes up to London with his new married wife, has often very few ideas about where he is to take her to. He thinks that he will be asked to his dinner by the chief of his name, and that auld friends will just make it a point to be very ceevil. And so they would perhaps at a quiet time; but when the town is so throng, and people's minds fixed on what will be the next news of

the war, and everybody taken up with themselves, it is not so easy to mind upon country friends. And I have seen them that come to London with very high notions just extremely well pleased to come for an evening to a countrywoman, even when she was only a mantua-maker. But it shall be just whatever way you like, and you know what my company is and who I would ask."

"Oh, it is not for that!" cried Kirsteen. By this time she knew very well what Miss Jean's company was. There was an old Mrs. Gordon, who had very high connections and "called cousins" with a great many fine people, and had a son with Lord Wellington's army, but who was very poor and very glad to be received as an honoured guest in Miss Jean's comfortable house. And there was the minister of the Scots church in the city, who announced to everybody on all occasions that there was nobody he had a higher respect for than Miss Jean, and that her name was well known in connection with all the Caledonian charities in London. And there was Miss Jean's silk-mercier, to whom she gave her large and valuable custom, and who was in consequence Miss Jean's very humble servant, and always happy to carve the turkey or help the beef at her table, and act as "landlord" to her guests—which was how she expressed it. He had a very quiet little wife who did not count. And there was a well-known doctor who was one of the community of the Scots kirk, and often called on Sabbath morning to take Miss Jean to Swallow Street in his carriage. Besides these persons, who were her habitual society, there was a floating element of Scotch ladies who were governesses or housekeepers in great families, and who had occasion to know Miss Jean through bringing messages to her from their ladies and being recognised as countrywomen. It was a very strongly Scots society in the middle of Mayfair, very racy of Scotch soil, and full of Scotch ideas

though living exclusively in London. It had been a little humiliating to Kirsteen herself to meet them, with the strong conviction she had in her mind that she herself with her good blood must be very much above this little assembly. But she had been obliged to confess that they had all been very agreeable, and old Mrs. Gordon had quoted her fine relations to so much purpose that Kirsteen had been much ashamed of her instinctive resistance and foregone conclusion. All the same she did not think Glendochart would be elated by such an invitation, or that he would consider it a privilege to introduce his wife to the circle at Chapel Street. His wife! She thought with a momentary thrill that she might have been that important personage, ordering new gowns from Miss Jean instead of sewing under her, driving about in a handsome carriage and doing just what she pleased, with an adoring slave in attendance. And that he should have taken Mary in her place! And that Mary should possess all that had been intended for Kirsteen! She thought she could see the quiet triumph that would be in her sister's eyes, and the way in which she would parade her satisfaction. And wherefore not? Kirsteen said to herself. Since she had paid the price, why should she not have the satisfaction? But it cost Kirsteen an effort to come to this Christian state of mind—and she did not reply to Mary's letter. For indeed she was not at all a perfect young woman, but full of lively and impatient feelings, and irritability and self-opinion—as belonged to her race.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

LONDON was more than *throng* when Glendochart and his young wife arrived. It was mad with joy over the great battle of Waterloo which had just been fought, and the triumph of the British arms, and the end of the war which nobody had been sure might not be another



long war like that of the Peninsula. When the pair from the Highlands reached town, travelling in the coach for Mary thought a postchaise an unnecessary expense, they met, a short distance from London, the coach which carried the news, all decorated with laurels, the conductor performing triumphant tunes upon his horn, the passengers half-crazy with shouting, and feeling themselves somehow a part of the victory if not the first cause, flinging newspapers into passing carriages, and meeting every wayfarer with a chorus only half intelligible about the Great and Glorious Victory. The bride was much excited by these announcements. She concluded that now there would be nothing but balls and parties in London, and that Glendochart would receive sheaves of invitations from all quarters; and finally that it was quite essential she should go at once to Miss Jean Brown's, not only to ask after Kirsteen, but to get herself one or two gowns that should be in the height of the fashion and fit to appear at the dinner table of the duke and duchess, who she made no doubt would make haste to invite so important a member of the clan. "That will no doubt be the first place we will go to," she said to her husband. "Oh, yes, my dear; if his grace thinks about it I have no doubt he will mention it to the duchess, and if they should happen to have a free day—" "Is that all you say, Glendochart, and me a bride?" cried Mary. But the old bridegroom, who was more or less a man of the world, would not promise more. And he was as much excited by the news as any one, and from the moment when he could seize one of the papers that were flying about, and read for himself the brief dispatch from the field of battle, there was nothing else to be got from him. There was another old soldier in the coach, and the two began to reckon up the regiments that had been engaged and to discuss the names of the officers, and to speculate on the results of this great and decisive victory, and whether Boney would ever hold up his head

again. Mary felt almost deserted as she sat back in her corner and found all the caresses and whispers of the earlier journey stopped by this sudden excitement. She did not herself care very much for the victory nor understand it, though she was glad it was a victory. She was half glad also, and half sorry, that none of the boys were with Lord Wellington—sorry that she was deprived of the consequence of having a brother with the army, yet glad that she was thus free of the sad possibility of being plunged into mourning before her honeymoon was over.

But when these thoughts had passed through her mind, Mary turned to her own concerns which were more interesting than any public matters. Flags were flying everywhere as they drove through the streets and a grand tumult of rejoicing going on. The very sound of it was exhilarating, the great placards that were up everywhere with the news, the throngs at every corner, the news-vendors who were shouting at the top of their voices imaginary additions to the dispatches and further details of the victory, the improvised illuminations in many windows, a candle stuck in each pane after the fashion of the time, that to a stranger from the country had a fine effect seen through the smoky haze of the London streets, which even in June and at the beginning of the century was sufficiently apparent to rural perceptions. Mary was not carried away by this fervour of popular sentiment as her old husband was, who was ready to shout for Wellington and the army on the smallest provocation, but she was agreeably stimulated in her own thoughts. She already saw herself at the grand dinners which would be given in celebration of the event in the duke's great mansion in Portman Square—not placed perhaps by his side, as would in other circumstances have been her right as a bride, but yet not far off, in the midst of the lords and ladies; or perhaps his grace, who was known to be punctilious, would give her her right,

whoever was there, were it even a princess of the blood, and she would have the pride and the felicity of looking down upon half the nobility seated below her at the feast. The chief of Glendochart's name could scarcely do less to one of the Douglasses entering his clan at such a moment. Mary lay back in her corner, her mind floating away on a private strain of beatific anticipation, while Glendochart hung half out of the window in his excitement, cheering and asking questions. She imagined the princess of the blood, who no doubt would be present, asking of the duke who the young lady was in her bridal dress who occupied the place of honour, and hearing that she was one of the Douglasses, just entered into his grace's connection by her marriage with Glendochart, the princess then (she almost saw it!) would request to have the bride presented to her, and would ask that the duchess should bring her one day to Windsor perhaps to be presented to Queen Charlotte, or to Hampton Court or some other of the royal palaces. Mary's heart beat high with this supposition, which seemed more or less a direct consequence of Waterloo, as much so as Boney's downfall, and much more satisfactory than that probable event.

When they arrived in the city where the coaches from the north stopped, and she had to get out, somewhat dazed by all the tumult round her, and the crowd, and the struggle for baggage, and the absence of any coherent guidance through that chaos of shouting men and stamping horses, and coaches coming and going, and everywhere the shouts of the great and glorious victory, Mary was in the act of receiving a pressing invitation from the princess to pass a week with her and meet all the first people in London. She was half annoyed to be disturbed in the midst of these delightful visions, but comforted herself with the thought that it was but a pleasure deferred.

And it may be imagined that with all this in her mind it became more than ever important to Mary to make

an early call upon Miss Jean and provide herself as rapidly as possible with a dress that was fit to be worn among such fine company. The riding-habit which she had worn at her marriage, though exceedingly fine and becoming, was not a garment in which she could appear at the dinner-table in Portman Square. There are some rare geniuses who have an intuitive knowledge of what is finest and best without having learned it, and in respect to society and dress and the details of high life Mary was one of these gifted persons. Her habit had been very highly thought of in the country. It was a costume, many rustic persons supposed, in which it would be possible to approach the presence of Queen Charlotte herself. But Mary knew by intuition just how far this was possible. And she knew that for the duke's table a white gown was indispensable in which to play her part as a bride; therefore, as there was no saying at what moment the invitation might arrive, nor how soon the dinner might take place, she considered it expedient to carry out her intention at once. Happily Glendochart next morning was still a little crazy about the victory, and anxious to go down to the Horse Guards to make inquiries, if she would excuse him, as he said apologetically. Mary did so with the best grace in the world. "And while you are asking about your old friends," she said, "I will just go and see if I can find out anything about my poor sister—" "That is just a most kind thing to do, and exactly what I would have expected from you, my dear," said Glendochart, grateful to his young wife for allowing him so much liberty. And he hastened to secure a glass coach for her in which she could drive to Miss Jean, and "see all the London perlies," as he said, on the way. It was not a very splendid vehicle to drive up to Miss Jean's door, where the carriages of the nobility appeared every day; but Mrs. Mary felt herself the admired of all beholders as she drove along the streets, well set up in the middle of the seat as if she had been the queen.

Her heart beat a little when she reached the house, with mingled alarm as to Kirsteen's reception of her, and pride in her own superior standing, far above any unmarried person, as Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart. The name did not indeed impress the maid who received her, and who asked twice what it was, begging pardon for not catching it the first time, and suggesting "Lady Campbell of—?" "Mistress Campbell," said Mary. She felt even in that moment a little taken down. It was as if the maid was accustomed to nothing less than my lady. She was so agitated that she did not perceive the name of Miss Kirsteen in connection with that of Miss Brown upon the brass plate of the door.

She had, however, quite recovered herself before Kirsteen appeared in the show-room to answer the summons, and advanced rustling in all her new ribbons to meet her sister. "Oh, Kirsteen, is that you? Oh, are you really here? I thought I could not be deceived about Miss Jean harbouring ye and helping ye, but I did not think I would just find ye in a moment like this."

"Yes," said Kirsteen, "I am here, and I have been here ever since I left home."

"Ye have turned quite English, Kirsteen, in the time ye've been away."

"Have I? It's perhaps difficult to avoid it—if ye have anything of an ear for music." This was perhaps an unkind thing to say, for it was well-known in the family that Mary had no ear for music and could not "turn a tune" to save her life. With a compunction Kirsteen turned to a more natural subject. "And how is my mother?"

"Oh," said Mary, "she is just wonderfully well for her. The marriage was a great divert to her, settling how it was to be and the clothes and everything. She was dressed herself in a new gown that Glendochart presented to her for the occasion, with white ribbons in her cap, and looking just very

well. 'It's easy to see where ye get your looks from,' Henry said to me: which I thought was a very pretty compliment to both of us, for if ever a man was pleased with his wife's looks it should be on his wedding day."

"Very likely," said Kirsteen drily, "but I have no experience. I got your letter, with an account of what you had on."

"Yes, it was considered very becoming," said Mary. "And Jeanie was just beautiful in a white frock; I will have her with me at Glendochart when she gets a little older, and bring her out, and maybe take her to Edinburgh for a winter that she may have every advantage. I would like her to make a grand marriage, and there is nothing more likely when she's seen as she ought to be in a house like Glendochart."

"I have yet to learn," said Kirsteen with dilating nostrils and quivering lips (for she too intended Jeanie to make a great match, and to marry well, but under her own auspices not her sister's), "I have yet to learn that a Campbell who is the duke's clanswoman can give credit to a Douglas that comes of the first family of her own name."

"Maybe you think too," said Mary with all the force of ridicule founded on fact, "that the house of Drummcarro is a good place for letting a young thing see the world."

Kirsteen was silenced by this potent argument, but it by no means softened the irritation in her mind. She had thought of Jeanie as her own, her creation in many ways, between whom and every evil fate she was determined to stand. To have the child taken out of her hands in this calm way was almost more than she could bear. But she compelled herself to patience with a hasty self-argument: Who was she to stand between Jeanie and any advantage—when nobody could tell whether she would be able to carry out her intentions or not? And at all events at the present moment Jeanie being only fourteen there was not much to be done. Mary's smooth

voice going on, forbade any very continued strain of thought.

"And, Kirsteen, what is to be done about yourself? We would be real willing to do anything in our power—But oh! it was rash—rash of you to run away—for you see by what's happened that it was all a mistake, and that Glendochart——"

Kirsteen's milk-white brow again grew as red as fire. To have your old lover console himself with your sister is bad enough; but to have her explain to you that your alarm was a mere mistake of vanity, and that the only person who was ridiculous or blamable in the business was only yourself,—this is too much for mortal flesh and blood!

"I am much obliged to you," she said with self-restraint which was painful, "but I am very happy where I am. It was no mistake so far as I am concerned. It was just impossible to live on down yonder without occupation, when there are so many things to be done in the world."

"Dear me!" cried Mary astonished with this new view. But at this moment Miss Jean fortunately came in, and was very happy to see the lady of Glendochart and very anxious to show her every attention.

"I consider it a great honour," said Miss Jean, "that you should come to see me the first morning; though well I know it's not for me but for one that is far more worthy. Miss Kirsteen is just the prop of this house, Mistress Campbell. Not a thing can be done without her advice—and though I had little reason to complain, and my basket and my store had aye prospered just wonderful, it's a different thing now Miss Kirsteen is here, for she makes all the fine ladies stand about."

"Dear me," said Mary again, "and how can she do that?" But she was more anxious about her own affairs than the gifts and endowments of her sister. "There is one thing I must say," she added, "before we go further, and that is that I am wishing to get a new gown; for we will

likely be asked to our dinner at the duke's, and though I have all my wedding outfit I would like to be in the newest fashion and do my husband credit with the chief of his name. So perhaps you would show me some white silks, just the very newest. And I would like it made in the last fashion; for Glendochart is very liberal and he will wish me to spare no expense. Being Marg'ret's sister, as well as having been so kind to Kirsteen, it was just natural that I should choose what little custom I have to give into your hands. But I would want it very quickly done, just as quick as the needles can go—for we cannot tell for what day the invitation might come."

Miss Jean with a smile upon her face, the smile with which she received an order, and a bow of acquiescence which made the ribbons tremble in her cap, had taken a step towards the drawers in which her silks were kept; but there was something in Kirsteen's eyes which made her hesitate. She looked towards her young associate with a half-question—though indeed she could not tell what was the foundation of her doubt, in her eyes.

"Miss Jean," said Kirsteen promptly, "you have then forgotten our new rule? You will maybe think I want you to break it in consideration of my sister? But ye need not depart from your regulations out of thought for me. And I am sure I am very sorry," she said turning to Mary, who stood expectant with a smile of genial patronage on her face—"but it's not possible. Miss Jean has made a rule to take no orders from commoners—except them that have been long upon her list. It would just be hopeless if we were to undertake it," Kirsteen said.

"No orders—from commoners?" cried Mary in consternation and wrath.

"Just that; we would have all London at our tails, no to speak of persons from the country like yourself—just pursuing us night and day—if we were to relax our rule. And

there are many of the nobility," said Kirsteen turning to Miss Jean with a look of serious consultation, "whom I would wish to be weeded out—for there are titles and titles, and some countesses are just nobodies however much they may think of themselves. You will never get to the first rank," continued Kirsteen, still addressing Miss Jean, "unless ye just settle and never depart from it, who you are to dress, and who not."

"Do you mean, Miss Jean," cried Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart, "that ye will not make me my gown?"

Miss Jean was torn asunder between natural politeness and proper subjection to her superiors, and a still more natural partisanship, not to speak of the glance of fiery laughter in Kirsteen's eyes. "What can I do," she cried, "when you hear with your own ears what Miss Kirsteen has said? I am wae to put you to any inconvenience, but it's just true that we cannot get through the half of our work—and we've plenty with the nobility and old customers to keep us always very throng. But I could recommend ye to another person that would willingly serve ye though I cannot take your order myself."

"Oh, I'll find somebody," said Mary in great offence. "It cannot be that in the great town of London you will not get whatever you want when you have plenty of money in your hand."

"No doubt that's very true," said Miss Jean, "and ye may find that ye are not in such a great hurry as ye think, for the duchess has a number of engagements upon her hands, and will not dine at home for about ten days to my certain knowledge—and probably she will have her table full then if ye have not already received your invitations—for town is just very throng, and everything settled for the grand parties, weeks before."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

MISS JEAN it must be allowed turned to her young companion with

some dismay when Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart had been ceremoniously seen to her hackney coach, and deeply cast down and discomfited, had driven away to the respectable person who had been recommended to her to make her new gown. "Were you meaning yon?" Miss Jean asked with solicitude. "Or what were you meaning?"

"I was meaning what I said," cried Kirsteen holding her head high and with an unusual colour upon her cheeks. "You know yourself that we have more work than can be done if we were to sit at it day and night."

"For the moment," said Miss Jean prudently; "but to refuse work just goes to my heart—it might spoil the business."

"It will do the business good," said Kirsteen. "We will let it be known, not just yet perhaps, what I said, that we will take no commoners' orders—that persons who are nobodies need not come here. You did not take me with you into the the business just to go on like other folk."

"No—that's quite true," said Miss Jean, but with a little hesitation still.

"By the time," said Kirsteen, "that you have turned away half-a-dozen from your door, your name will be up over all the town; and whether in the season or out of it, you will have more to do than you can set your face to, and thanks for doing it. Will you trust me or not, Miss Jean? For I allow that I am inexperienced and perhaps I may not be right."

"It would be very strange if ye were always right," said Miss Jean with a smile of affectionate meaning, "for all so young and so sure as ye are. But ye have a great spirit and there's something in me too that just answers till ye. Yes, I'll trust ye, my dear; and ye'll just go insulting all the poor bodies that are not good enough to please ye, till ye make a spoon or spoil a horn for yourself; for it does not matter so very much for me."

"Not the poor bodies," said Kirsteen, "but the folk with money and



nothing else, that come in as if they were doing us a favour—women that Marg'ret would not have in her kitchen; and they will come in here and give their orders as if it was a favour to you and me! I would like to learn them a lesson: that though we're mantua-makers, it's not for the like of them—a person with no name to speak of—and giving her orders to one of the Douglasses! We will learn them better before we are done."

"Oh, pride, pride!" said Miss Jean, "there's something in me that answers till ye, though well I wot I have little to be proud of; but these half and half gentry they are just insufferable to me too."

In all this there was nothing said of Mrs. Mary, to whom none of these descriptions applied, for she was of course one of the Douglasses as well as her sister, and Glendochart was as good a gentleman as any of his name. But while Miss Jean Brown, the daughter of a Scotch ploughman, felt something in her that answered to the pride of the well-born Highland girl, there was much in the other that resembled the "half and half gentry," of whom the experienced mantua-maker had seen many specimens. Miss Jean's prognostics however were carried into effect with stern certainty in the disappointment of the country visitors. They did indeed dine in Portman Square, but chiefly because of Lady Chatty's desire to see the personages of the story which she was so fond of telling, and then only on a Sunday evening when the family were alone. Alone, or all but alone, for there was one guest to meet them in the person of Miss Kirsteen Douglas, who was not a stranger in the house nor awkward, as the bride was in her new gown and much overdressed for the family party. It was impossible for Kirsteen to meet Glendochart, whose wooing had been of so much importance in her life, without a warmer tinge of colour and a slight shade of consciousness. But the good man was so com-

pletely unaware of any cause for feeling, that she came to herself with a little start and shock, which was highly salutary and chastised that pride which was Kirsteen's leading quality at this period of her career. Glendochart was so completely married, so pleased with his young wife, and with himself for having secured her, that all former dreams had departed totally from his mind—a discovery which Kirsteen made instantaneously so soon as their eyes met, and which went through and through her with angry amazement, consternation, wonder, mingled after a little while with a keen humorous sense of the absurdity of the situation. He came after dinner and talked to her a little about her circumstances, and how difficult it was to know what to do. "For your father is a very dour man, as Mary says, and having once passed his word that you are never to enter his door, it will be hard, hard to make him change. You know how obdurate he has been about Anne; but we will always be on the watch, and if the time ever comes that a word may be of use——"

"I beg you will take no trouble about it, Glendochart. I knew what I was risking; and but for my mother I have little to regret. And she has not been any the worse," Kirsteen said, almost with bitterness. Nobody seemed to have been the worse for her departure, not even her mother.

"No, I believe she has been none the worse. She is coming to pay us a visit so soon as we get back."

Kirsteen could have laughed, and she could have cried. She could have seized upon this precise, well-got-up elderly gentleman and given him a good shake. To think that she should have been frightened almost out of her wits, and flung all her life to the winds, because of him; and that he was here advising her for her good, as well satisfied with Mary as he ever could have been with herself!

Miss Jean proved however a true prophet in respect to the disappoint-



ment of the newly-married couple with their reception in London, and their willingness eventually to accept the hospitality of the mantua-maker, and meet her friends, the minister, the doctor, the silk-mercier, and the old lady of quality, at her comfortable table. Miss Jean gave them a supper at which all these highly respectable persons were present, along with another who gave a character of distinction to the assembly, being no less a person than young Captain Gordon, promoted on the field of battle and sent home with dispatches, the son of the old lady above-mentioned, who was not too grand, though all the fine houses in London were open to him, to come with his mother, covering her with glory in the eyes of the humbler friends who had been kind to her poverty. This encounter was the only one which brought Glendochart and his wife within the range of the commotion which was filling all society and occupying all talk. Afterwards, when they returned home, it was the main feature of their record, what Captain Gordon had said, and his account of the battle—"which, you see, we had, so to speak, at first hand; for he got his promotion upon the field, and was sent home with dispatches, which is only done when a young man has distinguished himself; and a near connection of the Huntly family." I am not sure that Mary did not allow it to be understood that she had met this young hero at the duke's table in Portman Square, but certainly she never disclosed the fact that it was at the mantua-maker's in Chapel Street, Mayfair. Captain Gordon proved to be of much after importance in the family, so that the mode of his first introduction cannot be without interest. The old lady who patronised Miss Jean by sharing her Sunday dinners, and many other satisfactory meals, felt herself, and was acknowledged by all, to have amply repaid her humble friend by bringing this brilliant young hero fresh from Waterloo to that entertainment, thus doing Miss Jean an honour which

"the best in the land" coveted. Alick, so far as he was concerned, made himself exceedingly agreeable. He fought the great battle over again, holding his auditors breathless; he gave the doctor details about the hospitals, and told the minister how the army chaplain went among the poor Highlanders from bed to bed. And he accepted an invitation from Glendochart for the shooting with enthusiasm. "But they will want you at Castle Gordon," said the proud mother, desirous to show that her son had more gorgeous possibilities. "Then they must just want me," cried the young soldier. "They were not so keen about me when I was a poor little ensign." Everything was at the feet of the Waterloo hero, who was in a position to snap his fingers at his grand relations and their tardy hospitality. Kirsteen in particular was attracted by his cheerful looks and his high spirit, and his pleasure in his independence and promotion. It was in accord with her own feeling. She said that he put her in mind of her brothers in India—all soldiers, but none of them so fortunate as to have taken part in such a great decisive battle; and thought with a poignant regret how it might have been had Ronald Drummond continued with Lord Wellington's army instead of changing into the Company's service. It might have been he that would have been sent over with the dispatches, and received with all this honour and renown—and then!—Kirsteen's countenance in the shade where she was sitting was suffused with a soft colour, and the tears came into her eyes.

"They get plenty of fighting out there," said the young soldier, who was very willing to console the only pretty girl in the room; "and if it's not so decisive it may be just as important in the long run, for India is a grand possession—the grandest of all. I will probably go there myself, Miss Douglas, for though Waterloo's a fine thing, it will end the war, and what's a poor soldier lad to do?"

"You will just find plenty to do in your own country, Alick," said his mother eagerly.

"Barrack duty, mother! it's not very exciting—after a taste of the other."

"A taste!" said the proud old lady, "He's just been in everything, since the time he put on his first pair of trews. I know those outlandish places, as if they were on Deeside, always following my soldier laddie—Vimiera, and Badajos, and down to Salamanca and Toulouse in France. I could put my finger on them in the map in the dark," she cried with a glow of enthusiasm; then falling into a little murmur of happy sobbing, "God be thanked they're all over," she cried, putting her trembling hand upon her son's arm.

"Amen!" said the minister, "to the final destruction of the usurper and the restoring of law and order in a distracted land!"

"We'll just see how long it lasts," said the doctor, who was a little of a free-thinker and was believed to have had sympathies with the Revolution.

"We'll have French tastes and French fashions in again, and they're very ingenious with their new patterns it must be allowed," said the silk-mercier; "but it will be an ill day for Spitalfields and other places when the French silks are plentiful again."

"There's ill and good in all things. You must just do your best, Miss Jean, to keep British manufactures in the first place," the minister said. "It's astonishing in that way how much the ladies have in their hands."

"Were you at Salamanca—and Toulouse?" said Kirsteen in her corner, where she kept as far as possible from the light of the candles, lest any one should see the emotion in her face.

"Indeed I was, and the last was a field of carnage," said the young soldier. "Perhaps you had a brother there?"

"Not a brother—but a—friend," said Kirsteen, unable to restrain a faint little sigh. The young man

looked so sympathetic and was so complete a stranger to her that it was a relief to her full bosom to say a word more. "I could not but think," she added in a very low tone, "that but for that weary India—it might have been him that had come with glory—from Waterloo."

"Instead of me," said the young soldier with a laugh. "No, I know you did not mean that. But also," he added gravely, "both him and me, we might have been left on the field where many a fine fellow lies."

"That is true, that is true!" Kirsteen did not say any more; but it flashed across her mind how could she know that he was not lying on some obscure field in India where lives were lost, and little glory or any advantage that she knew of gained? This gave her however a very friendly feeling to young Gordon, between whom and herself the tie of something which was almost like a confidence now existed. For the young man had easily divined what a friend meant in the guarded phraseology of his country-women.

It was not till long after this that there came to Kirsteen a little note out of that far distance which made amends to her for long waiting and silence. The letter was only from Robbie, whose correspondence with his sisters was of the most rare and fluctuating kind, yet who for once in a way, he scarcely himself knew the reason why, had sent Kirsteen a little enclosure in his letter to his mother, fortunately secured by Marg'ret, who was now everything—nurse, reader, and companion to the invalid. Robbie informed his sister that Jeanie's letter about old Glendochart had "given him a good laugh," and that he thought she was very right to have nothing to say to an old fellow like that. Before the letter arrived there was already a son and heir born in Glendochart house, but Robbie was no further on in the family history than to be aware of the fact that Kirsteen had gone away rather than have the old lover forced upon her. He told her how on the march he had passed the station where

Ronald Drummond was, "if you mind him, he is the one that left along with me—but you must mind him," Robbie continued, "for he was always about the house the last summer before I came away."

He was keen for news of home, as we all are when we meet a friend in this place. And I read him a bit of Jeanie's letter which was very well written, the little monkey, for a little thing of her age; how old Glendochart followed you about like a puppy dog, and how you would never see it, though all the rest did. We both laughed till we cried at Jeanie's story. She must be growing a clever creature, and writes a very good hand of writing too. But it was more serious when we came to the part where you ran away in your trouble at finding it out. I hope you have come home by this time and have not quarrelled with my father; for after all it never does any good to have quarrels in a family. However I was saying about Ronald that he was really quite as taken up as I was with Jeanie's letter, and told me I was to give you his respects, and that he would be coming home in a year or two, and would find you out whether you were at Drumcarro or wherever you were, and give you all the news about me, which I consider very kind of him, as I am sure you will do—and he bid me to say that he always kept the little thing he found in the parlour, and carried it wherever he went: though when I asked what it was he would not tell me, but said you would understand: so I suppose it was some joke between you two. And that's about all the news I have to tell you, and I hope you'll think of what I say about not quarrelling with my father. I am in very good health and liking my quarters—and I am,

Your affect. brother,  
R. D.

If this had been the most eloquent love-letter that ever was written, and from the hand of her lover himself, it is doubtful whether it would have more touched the heart of Kirsteen than Robbie's schoolboy scrawl, with its complete unconsciousness of every purpose, did. It was the fashion of their time when correspondence was difficult and dear and slow, and when a young man with nothing to offer was

too honourable to bind for long years a young woman who in the meantime might change her mind; although both often held by each other with a supreme and silent faithfulness. The bond, so completely understood between themselves with nothing to disclose it to others, was all the dearer for never having been put into words; although it was often no doubt the cause of unspeakable pangs of suspense, of doubt—possibly of profound and unspeakable disappointment if one or the other forgot. Kirsteen read and re-read Robbie's letter as if it had been a little gospel. She carried it about with her, for her refreshment at odd moments. There came upon her face a softened sweetness, a mildness to the happy eyes, a mellowing beauty to every line. She grew greatly in beauty as her youth matured, the softening influence of this sweet spring of life keeping in check the pride which was so strong in her character, and the perhaps too great independence and self reliance which her early elevation to authority and influence developed. And everything prospered with Kirsteen. Miss Jean's business became the most flourishing and important in town. Not only commoners, whom she had so haughtily rejected, but persons of the most exalted pretensions had to cast away their pride and sue for the services of Miss Brown and Miss Kirsteen; and as may be supposed, the more they refused, the more eager were the customers at their door. Before Kirsteen was twenty-seven, the fortune which she had determined to make was already well begun, and Miss Jean in a position to retire if she wished with the income of a statesman. This prosperous condition was in its full height in the midst of the season, the workroom so thronged that relays of seamstresses sat up all night, there being no inspectors to bring the fashionable mantuamakers under control, when the next great incident happened in the life of our Kirsteen.

(To be continued.)

## EARLY LANDHOLDING AND MODERN LAND-TRANSFER.

SOME years have passed since I attempted in this magazine<sup>1</sup> to give a historical sketch of the causes which have made our land laws unique in their complexity. During those years neither the law itself nor the zeal of historical inquirers has stood still. Reforms which a generation ago seemed impracticable even to Liberals have been carried by the general consent of all parties, and proposals which in 1880 still passed for Radical have been taken up by a Tory Lord Chancellor, though not yet implicitly accepted by those who usually follow him. Research has been vigorously pursued among our medieval documents, and not by Englishmen alone. Before many months are out an authentic English version of my friend Prof. Vinogradoff's work on early English tenures and agriculture will show us how much we owe to him. My friend Mr. Maitland, now Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge, has thrown much light on the history of our institutions during the thirteenth century, the critical period when for the most part those forms were defined which persisted for six centuries with wonderfully little fundamental change. Not very much has been added to what we know of the middle period of English law, say from Henry the Sixth to the Restoration. Nor was much to be expected. The formal history was already complete, and the evidence of the social and economical conditions was abundant. Certain it is that immediately before the Wars of the Roses English land-tenure was a system of feudalism checked by the power of the Crown, and that immediately after the Restoration it had already become a

commercial system checked by the family pride and ambition, not of feudal lords, but of squires. The change was a great one and a swift, for most of it lies within the reign of Henry the Eighth. But there is no doubt at all, even in detail, about the manner in which it was promoted by Henry the Eighth's legislation, much against the intention of the legislators; and the history of the great inclosing movement of the same period, though it has very properly been brought into fresh prominence by recent writers—Mr. Scrutton, I think, is the latest of them—rests on authorities which have long been public property.

It seems useless to go once more over ground which has so often been traversed by both lawyers and historians, and where there is nothing new to be gathered. And even if we think most of looking forward, we shall find ourselves encouraged and almost compelled to look backward just now to the thirteenth century rather than to the sixteenth; to the development of English institutions between William the Conqueror and Edward the First rather than to their transformation between Henry the Sixth and Elizabeth. For there has been a curious tendency in recent years, among persons discussing the political theory of ownership of land and the powers and duties of the State in maintaining, regulating, or overriding the rights of private owners, to appeal to the formal theory of English law as if it afforded some guidance or precedent. The late Mr. Joshua Williams wrote with perfect correctness, for the purposes for which he was writing, that no man is in law the absolute owner of land in England; he was doubtless far from supposing that his words would ever

<sup>1</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xli., p. 356.

be twisted into an argument for turning the form into a reality by some drastic process of State expropriation of the land or confiscation of its profits. Yet this has been done. Again it has occurred, even to respectable politicians and renowned philosophers, to confound the feudal relation of lord and tenant, and especially the relation of the Crown to English landholders as direct or ultimate feudal superior, with the ultimate power of control and disposition implied in the general sovereignty of the State over its citizens, and called by publicists "eminent domain;" a power which, as it must exist in every civilized State, is found existing in France or in the United States, where feudal tenures have been completely abolished even in form, no less than in England or Scotland. It may be worth while to remark that the distinction between feudal superiority and political sovereignty was perfectly well understood by the statesmen and lawyers of the Middle Ages. The actual ruler of a kingdom or principality might hold it as a feudal tenant of another prince; and claims to overlordship of this kind were constantly made and often allowed. But the overlord had no more business to interfere with the local laws or government than the Congress of the United States has to interfere with the municipal affairs of New York or San Francisco. Further, the duty of a feudal tenant to his immediate lord was not always plainly consistent with his duty as a subject to his prince. If he held his lands directly of the prince, then his king or duke was also his lord, and his duties as a true man to his lord and as a faithful subject to his prince coincided and strengthened one another. But what if he held under a great earl or duke who himself held under the king, and the duke and the king fell out? According to strict feudal ideas every man's first duty was to his own lord, even against a superior lord. It was not for him to judge between them. Those of us who remember the

American Civil War may illustrate this, in a rough way, by the position of many honourable soldiers and citizens of Southern States who felt themselves bound to throw in their lot with their own State whether they had or had not any decided opinion as to the alleged right of a State to secede from the Union, or the justice of the reasons assigned by the Southern leaders for its exercise. It is well known how William the Conqueror secured himself, at the great council held at Salisbury in 1086 (not without previous Continental example) against any claims of service to intermediate lords conflicting with the allegiance due to himself as king: he was not content with the homage of the great lords holding directly of him, but required their military undertenants "to swear fealty to him against all the world."<sup>1</sup> Since that time it has never been doubted in England that the political allegiance of the subject must prevail over all and any personal or feudal obligations of the vassal. Frederick Barbarossa did his best, with little ultimate success, to establish the same principle for the Empire. Not quite two centuries later (1284) Edward the First made a fundamental statute for the government of Wales, at length reduced under English dominion. The English kings had even before the Norman Conquest claimed to be overlords of Wales, but that was another matter; and Edward, a learned as well as a valiant prince, carefully marked the change that had taken place. "The divine Providence," says the preamble of the statute as not quite unexceptionally translated, "hath now of its favour wholly and entirely transferred under our proper dominion (*in proprietatis nostre dominium . . . totaliter et cum integritate convertit*) the land of Wales with its inhabitants, heretofore subject unto us in feudal right (*prius nobis jure feudali subjectam*), and hath annexed and

<sup>1</sup> According to the English chronicler they were his men, *i.e.* did homage as well as fealty, but this is difficult to believe.



united the same unto the Crown of the aforesaid realm as a member of the same body." By the forfeiture of the rebel Llewelyn the king had acquired Wales as his property in immediate possession, and could deal with it as full owner, and therefore as uncontrolled sovereign. The king goes on (for the statute speaks as a declaration made in his own person to all his subjects in Wales) to say that he has caused the laws and customs of those parts hitherto in use "to be rehearsed before us and the nobles of our realm," and that "we have, by the advice of the aforesaid nobles, abolished certain of them, some thereof we have allowed, and some we have corrected; and we have likewise commanded certain others to be ordained and added thereto." It is a conscious and deliberate exercise of sovereignty, legislative as well as executive, in the fullest modern sense of the word. Edward and his advisers were no less conscious that the merely feudal suzerainty formerly possessed or claimed by the king of England over the Welsh princes conferred no such right or power. They would have been more than surprised to learn (peradventure from some prophetic survivor of the massacre of bards which did not take place) that six centuries later there would be people who could think it necessary or useful to appeal to feudal tenures by way of justifying or confirming the sovereign power of the State. Feudal tenure was, or ought to have been, strictly governed by law. The mutual duties of lord and vassal were definite, and as neither could neglect his part, so neither could require more than he was precisely entitled to by the law and the terms of the tenure. On one point of feudal duty there will be a word more to say. The power of the State, on the other hand, is above positive law, for it is maker and master of laws. In some cases it can thus act only within the limits prescribed by a written constitution, itself capable of being altered only by the solemn and extraordinary

exercise of a reserved ultimate power. So it must be in a federal State, and so it may be in others. In this country we have no such formal limits, and no question can be made of the legal competence of the parliament of the United Kingdom to alter the general law to any extent, or to vary, remodel, or abolish with or without compensation, the rights of any persons or classes among the Queen's subjects. No man can say to the Queen, Lords, and Commons, is this lawful? The reasons that can be urged upon a legislature exercising uncontrolled power are reasons of moral justice and policy, not of legality. These ought to be all the more carefully weighed when we know that there is no legal check in reserve.

Feudalism, then, has nothing to say to the modern power of the State, and not much to its policy. The fact that all land in England is still nominally held of the Queen has no more to do with the modern English law of landlord and tenant than the fact that the soil of New York was once nominally held of King Charles the Second has to do with the present inability of the State of New York, under the constitution of the United States, to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts. For all practical purposes our land-law ceased to be feudal fully two centuries ago. I have said as much before, but historical truth needs repeating from time to time. Those peculiar features of our land-system which are sometimes called feudal are really the work of an eighteenth-century plutocracy or squirearchy. We may consider the feudal period of English law with a perfectly impartial historical interest; and so far from finding in it only monuments of obsolete oppression, we may perhaps find that in some of their ideas and practices the men of that time were not very remote from the advanced reformers of our own. They did not need, for example, to be told that property has its duties. When ne-



dieval princes wanted to fight or to raise money they had an excellent memory for that very just maxim, and took care that their vassals did not forget it. The greater vassals in turn exercised the memory of the lesser ones, until the duty of aid and service came down in its simplest terms to the peasant who, having nobody else under him, could only take up his arms and march as his nearest lord bade him, or turn out his ox to take its place on the appointed days in the plough-team that tilled the lord's acres. Feudal lawyers and landholders, again, had no need to be told that duties were reciprocal. It was perfectly clear that the superior lord owed aid and protection to his tenant in the same measure that the tenant owed service to the lord. He could not transfer the tenant against his will to a new lord, though in England means were soon found to evade the rule. This indeed is the very essence of the feudal relation; the tenure of the land is strictly conjoined with personal faith and duty. Now the duty we most commonly hear of in histories and elsewhere is military; the king calls on his great earls and barons to provide for the defence of the kingdom, and they call on those under them. But there is another duty more appropriate to times of peace, and a no less constant mark of feudal tenures, which is in some ways connected with extremely ancient institutions, and in other ways has curiously modern aspects.

Lately we have heard a good deal about localizing the administration of justice, more especially in the great cities of the north of England. There may be many sorts of local justice, and the feudal quality of it would hardly serve our purposes nowadays; but in quantity medieval suitors had nothing to complain of. Local—or more exactly personal—justice is as essential to feudal tenure as military service. The lord is bound to do justice to his tenants; the tenants on their part must attend the lord's court

that he may have the means of justice; for the feudal tenant claimed "the judgment of his peers," not the judgment of the lord alone. Every lord ought to have his court. The king himself was lord of many domains, and held courts for his tenants which were quite distinct from the public courts of justice held for all the king's subjects,—or for so many of them as had the time and the money, first to find their way to the place where the king happened to be, and then to pay the heavy fees which were required before they could get their suits heard. These private feudal jurisdictions were valuable to the lords, pretty much as the king's justice was valuable to the king, by reason of the profit accruing from fees and fines. In the case of the greater lordships—an earldom, a bishopric, the possessions of a rich monastery—this was an important source of revenue. We find that struggles for jurisdiction and the profits of jurisdiction account for many of the oddest features of the legal history of the Middle Ages. The king, the church, and the great men, were all endeavouring to get and to keep as many courts and as many grounds of jurisdiction as they could. Nor was it an unknown practice, any more than in modern times, to take what one wanted when one felt strong enough, and find reasons for it afterwards. It is not surprising, therefore, if we fail to discover a perfectly logical system of judicature in our medieval authorities. But there is no doubt at all that feudal tenure implies the duty and the right of jurisdiction of some kind. It would be rash perhaps to give any confident opinion as to the origin of this rule, which is at least as fundamental in Continental as in English feudalism. Perhaps it was simply that, in the general state of disorder from which feudal polity emerged, there was not much chance of getting justice in any other form. In England the feudal system of jurisdiction never quite had its own way.

It was imported as an exotic, and comparatively late. Private jurisdictions were coming in, after Continental example, before the Norman Conquest, but apparently not much before. Thus the tradition of the old public courts was never quite effaced, and on the other hand the king's government and the king's justice, in the hands of such rulers as Henry the Second and Edward the First, gained strength apace and checked feudalism in time. The private lords' courts were not abolished, but they were made to know their place, and the creation of new feudal jurisdictions was cut short by the great statute known as *Quia Emptores*. It was attempted—but without permanent success—to make this the law of Scotland also. Many private jurisdictions must have perished by mere decay; the increased ease, and certainty of getting the king's justice and peace "according to the custom of England" from the king's judges led suitors to prefer the royal jurisdiction, and the judges were always ready to extend it at the expense of the private lord. The trouble of collecting a lord's free tenants from remote places to make up a court must have worked the same way. Private courts, on the whole, survived only where there was a sort of compact nucleus of local business and interests by which they could be maintained. Such a nucleus was afforded by the complex social structure known as the Manor—an institution to which we may find partial parallels in Asiatic customs of unknown antiquity, in the provinces of the later Roman empire, and in medieval Germany, but which in its entirety is one of our insular puzzles. Feudal jurisdiction survives, in a degenerate and somewhat undignified form, in the Court Baron of a modern manor. That the court of the free tenants is an essentially feudal court, accounted for as a natural incident of their tenure, and needs nothing else to account for it, has been shown independently, and I think conclusively,

by Professor Maitland and Mr. G. H. Blakesley.

But, although there may be a manor of purely feudal constitution, comprising only the lord and freehold tenants, we know that a manor in fact commonly includes elements which are not feudal, and tenures which are not freehold, the customary or so-called base tenures by which, in one or another variety, copyhold lands are held to this day. Feudal lawyers had no small trouble in making these elements fit into their theory, and modern lawyers and their clients have sometimes endeavoured to justify the theory by ignoring the facts; but since the true history has been better known, the facts have generally proved stiff-necked even in courts of law. No one doubts at this day that the customs embodied in our surviving copyhold and other customary tenures are more ancient than feudalism, and much older than the Norman Conquest. There, unfortunately, we must admit that certainty stops for the present. Widely different opinions have been put forth as to what was the earliest European form of the village community, township, or whatever it ought to be called,<sup>1</sup> and what were the stages and the approximate dates of the development or degradation which it underwent (for some say one, some the other) before it came under feudal jurisdiction. It cannot be said that any of these opinions has been finally made good, and it seems that no writer has yet committed himself to a theory on the matter without underrating the complexity of the problem and omitting to deal adequately with one or more necessary elements. Kemble and Mr. Seebohm may be said to represent, among writers entitled to serious consideration, the extreme opposites; although they differ much less than a

<sup>1</sup> There is no real authority for the word *mark* with this meaning. So far I can follow Fustel de Coulanges without hesitation. *Township* is clearly indicated by what English authority there is.

hasty reader would suppose in their view of the actual state of England in the generations next before the Norman Conquest. Kemble fully admits that small independent proprietors, if they existed before, had ceased to exist then. Indeed I do not know of any plausible evidence or any respectable authority for the notion sometimes met with that England under her Anglo-Saxon kings was a paradise of yeomen. There is no reason to think that the small freeholds of later times represent, as a rule, anything but sub-divisions and re-arrangements of a date subsequent to the Conquest. Mr. Seebohm's divergence from Kemble is not so much in the general interpretation of the course and tendency of changes as in any definite conclusion of fact as applied to a given time. And what is said of Kemble may be said in the main of the German authorities whom Kemble followed forty years ago, and those who in turn have followed and confirmed him since. No scholar, however, would now deny that Kemble went beyond the evidence in some respects. An English manor, as we find it from the Conquest downwards, included the lord, the free tenants who held of the lord by regular feudal tenures and owed suit to the court, and the villeins or customary tenants who held land according to the custom of the manor in villenage or base tenure, being generally bound not only to make stated payments in kind but to furnish work on the lord's own land at stated times. The lands held on these conditions were in the legal theory of post-Norman times part of the lord's domain, or were counted, as we should now say, as in hand. There is ample proof that such labour-services were common before the Conquest; there is also sufficient proof that commutation of them for money rents began soon after the Conquest if not before, for within a century we find such commutations described as ancient. Tenants of this class were commonly, though not always, unfree

in person, "bondmen in blood," in technical Latin *nativi*. They are represented by the copyholders of modern times,<sup>1</sup> though any general difference of condition or rank between freeholders and copyholders has long ceased to exist; in fact freehold and copyhold land have in many cases been so long held together by the same owners that it is extremely difficult to distinguish them. Kemble's account makes much of an original community of Teutonic freemen which is really conjectural, and he has very little to say of villenage. Mr. Seebohm has an elaborate account of the incidents of villein tenure, and a most valuable elucidation of the medieval system of English agriculture as connected with the administration of a manorial domain. But he has very little to say of the free tenants, and both he and Kemble have almost nothing to say of the jurisdiction. A process of historical reconstruction which ends in a manor with the jurisdiction left out is clearly not final. I will not say it is equivalent to leaving out Hamlet, but it is something like propounding a theory of Hamlet's character without any reference to the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia. The history of private jurisdiction seems to be the point on which research may now be most hopefully concentrated. By research I do not mean exclusively or chiefly the search for unpublished court-rolls. That work is desirable and laudable; but we have no right to expect any startling discoveries from it. The ground is very fairly covered by documents already published or in course of publication, and there is a great deal of material in print which no modern scholar has yet thoroughly examined.

One thing rather apt to be forgotten is that the manor as we know it cannot have developed out of the township by any uniform process. For the township was not merged in the manor; it continued to have a dis-

<sup>1</sup> I am now disposed to allow a much greater share of historical truth to the common doctrine of our law-books than I formerly did

tinct though less conspicuous existence. And we know that it is not even the rule for the boundaries of manors to coincide with those of townships or parishes. Manors constantly include several townships or parts of townships; parts of the same township often belong to two or even more manors. It will not do, therefore, to assume that the manor court was made out of an older township court by putting the lord on the top of it and introducing the sharp legal distinction between free and customary tenures. We could not get over the want of any regular territorial coincidence even if we knew that a township court had existed; and we do not know that. The *mark moot* of some modern writers is a phantom of unsupported conjecture which only recedes farther and farther into the land of shadows when one endeavours to track it to some solid ground of evidence. It is likely enough that there was from very ancient times some sort of township or village meeting. Such meetings are common enough in other Teutonic lands to this day. But they have not the powers or attributes of a regular court of justice, and there is nothing to show that they ever had. It is not the feudal manor but the ecclesiastical parish that has overlaid, so to speak, the ancient English township; it is the vestry meeting, and not the Court Baron, that represents the old village meeting if anything does. It is true that our law-books say there are two courts, the Court Baron for the free tenants and the customary court for the copyholders, though in fact they are always held at the same time and place; and this naturally suggests that the customary court represents an ancient popular court of some kind. But examination shows that this distinction is nothing but a piece of comparatively modern formalism. There is no sign of it in early court-rolls. As a rule the court is described merely by the name of the manor, and when there is any epithet it is called a "lawful court" without further speci-

fication. We do not know exactly in what manner the customary tenants became attached to the lord's court. But it was evidently good for the lord to have his rights formally recorded by the witness of the tenants themselves, and better for the villeins to be dealt with judicially, though in their own lord's jurisdiction, than to be dealt with merely according to his power, which was the practical alternative. It may well be that the thing came about because it seemed obviously convenient, and without its occurring to any one that a theory was wanted. A somewhat similar problem is presented by the law of distress. The right to distrain for rent in arrear was an incident of feudal tenure, but it came to be applied, apparently without question, to leases for a term of years or from year to year, although these, according to the strict feudal theory, were merely a matter of personal contract. Tenant-farming of the modern type is the very opposite of feudal tenure, and it may be said that the introduction of leases for years was the beginning of the end of the manorial system. And yet feudalism left its mark on this least feudal part of our land-laws.

Copyhold and customary tenures are dying out, and are likely to die unlamented. But they have one feature which connects them with the latest proposals for reform. Transfers of copyhold land were, until a recent time, actually made in the lord's court, and they must still be recorded in the court-rolls. Thus copyhold tenure bears witness to the ancient principle that conveyances of land must be public and publicly attested. The same principle existed no less in relation to freehold land, but, after it had been ingeniously evaded for three centuries, the forms which preserved its memory for lawyers were dispensed with more than a generation ago. Land is bought and sold in modern English practice by transactions of which there is no public record or authentication whatever. Only a cumbersome and costly apparatus of skilled

inquiry and precaution (developed wholly by the private tradition of many generations of lawyers) enables a purchaser to be reasonably assured of his vendor's right to deal with the land sold. Sir Henry Maine pointed out, in the latest work he lived to publish, that of late there has been a strong tendency in all civilized countries to revert to the ancient principle of publicity, secured by methods more appropriate to modern needs than the medieval one of a formal public act done on the land itself or before the local lord. Almost all European countries except England (and including Scotland<sup>1</sup>) have some kind of registry of land-titles. But we need not go outside the British Empire to find our own practice as completely reversed as possible, and not only under British sovereignty but under English law. As England has been most backward in simplifying the transfer of land, our Australasian colonies have been most forward. What is known as the Torrens system of land-registry has been found completely successful in Australia and New Zealand, and colonial lawyers accustomed to its working are hardly able to understand how we can doubt either its advantages when established, or the feasibility of establishing it. So far, however, there is nothing like a general consent in the mother country among the not very large number of persons who are qualified to form a skilled opinion; and while this state of things continues, the general public may be excused for showing little interest in the matter.

In such a paper as this it is impossible to enter on the technical reasons of the failure which has hitherto attended all efforts to produce a good working scheme of registration of titles in England. It is matter of common knowledge, however, that the plan devised by Lord Westbury, and

put on its trial at considerable public expense, did fail utterly; and that Lord Cairns's well-meant endeavour to improve upon it has not succeeded much better. And there is little doubt that both those eminent and learned persons failed because their plans were too ambitious. They endeavoured to establish indefeasible titles—to make the register conclusive against all the world. In other words, they thought to abolish, as it were at one stroke, the whole policy and tradition of English land-holding. Titles to land in this country rest (with minute exceptions) on nothing but continuous possession. Very few titles are really bad; in other words it is a rare exception for an adverse claimant out of possession to be better entitled to English land than the person who is in good faith acting as owner and is generally believed to be so. But also not many titles are marketable in the judicial sense, that is, so good as to be wholly free from technical defects. The ordinary good holding title may be described as a title which could be made marketable by a certain amount of trouble and expense. That amount is generally so much out of proportion to the practical risk of leaving things as they are that the persons concerned do not choose to incur it. Hence the cost of putting an ordinary title on a register of indefeasible titles is excessive; for the registrar is bound to leave no defect unchallenged. An optional registration of indefeasible titles has been found by the experience of nearly a generation<sup>1</sup> to be a dead letter; and for the same reasons it is felt that to compel such registration would be unjust. A scheme which leaves no room for the correction of mistakes can be made safe only by making it so costly as to be unworkable.

Among recent writers on the subject Mr. Brickdale<sup>2</sup> chiefly deserves

<sup>1</sup> My friend Sir George Campbell has said in the House of Commons that "Scotland" is an inaccurate expression, but I believe it is accepted by the majority of Scots.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Westbury's scheme was introduced in 1862.

<sup>2</sup> *Registration of Titles to Land*. London, 1886.



the credit of having pointed out the fatal blot in existing schemes and proposals, and (what is even more important) how the Australasian colonies have avoided it. The Torrens system saves the rights of a true owner when by fraud or mistake his land has been registered in another man's name, and compensates the registered owner (if he acted in good faith supposing himself really entitled) by means of a guarantee fund. Mistakes, it is found, very seldom occur; but in order to secure public confidence, and the working of the scheme without minute and costly inquiries, it is of the first importance to provide against them. The guarantee fund is maintained by an *ad valorem* duty so small as to be hardly felt,—one half-penny in the pound, and in Tasmania only one farthing. Mr. Brickdale maintains that this is the real key to the success of the Torrens system and the failure of schemes in which this point has been disregarded or overlooked, and I think he is right. A purchaser for value and in good faith from a fraudulently registered owner is secured in his title to the land, and the parties defrauded are in that case left to money compensation, for which the guarantee fund is available if satisfaction cannot be had from the fraudulent vendor. It would be equally possible to restore the land, and compensate the registered owner; but it was thought in Australia that the equitable adjustment of claims for permanent improvements would be difficult and complicated if that plan were adopted. The Torrens plan of guarantee has been partially adopted in Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill, but it is a question whether we ought not to go farther in renouncing the Westbury-Cairns policy. There is much to be said for letting every *de facto* owner register his title for what it is worth, on proof that the actual possession has been consistent with it since the date

fixed by himself for the commencement of the title. A purchaser would then have the benefit of the State guarantee, not immediately, but after a certain lapse of time without adverse claim. In this way very many titles, probably most, would clear themselves by a self-acting process. It seems to me, though I speak with diffidence, that there is a growing tendency to concur in this view among persons who have really studied the subject. A moot point is whether and to what extent the registry should attempt to deal with questions of boundaries, which, so far as they are really capable of doubt, are questions more of physical fact than anything else.

Simplification of our land-laws in substance is not, in my opinion, a strictly necessary condition of an effectual simplification of land-transfer. There is no doubt, however, that the two kinds of reform may be expected to go together, and it may well be that the reform of substance, being more intelligible to the public at large, will be accomplished first. The law of descent of real property is already condemned by a Conservative Chancellor. Our complicated settlements and varieties of estates in land, long terms of years, and so forth, cannot serve much longer. The Settled Land Act of 1882 has been a useful stop-gap, but no one now regards it as final. I shall not be expected to enter here on the wide and various considerations, both legal and economical, which have to be taken into account. It is enough to remind those who are interested in the matter that a few years ago the elements of a working reform were laid down independently, but very nearly on the same lines, by two public men whom one would not have expected beforehand to be in such close agreement—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Justice Stephen.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.



## WORK AMONG THE COUNTRY POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *A REAL WORKING-MAN*.

WHATEVER may be the faults and shortcomings of the present day, one thing is certain, we are not behind our fathers in loving-kindness and sympathy to our poorer brethren. The sufferings, when once we know them, of our fellow-creatures upon whom the burden of life presses sorely, fill us with keen interest and sympathy; and we are really grateful to those whose position or calling enables them to paint the life of the poor in its true colours. "God bless you for making such lives known!" writes one reader of the story of *A Real Working-Man*. "Any writer," says another, "who will be at the pains to show to one class how another class lives, can be of real service in the commonwealth."

It is because I believe that such utterances really express the feelings of the more prosperous classes, that I was emboldened to lay before them the simple tale of a country labourer's family, and that I am now venturing to say a few words more upon country life in general, to offer a few suggestions for making it happier and better, and lastly to urge that more attention should be paid to our poor country folk, both by those who live in the towns and by those who live in the country itself. This last point is the one which I would press with most earnestness. I do not pretend that my suggestions are ever very far-reaching, and in some places they may not perhaps be practicable; but if they lead others to ponder the matter for themselves, and set their brains working at the problem (a difficult one, indeed!) how to make life in the country happier and better, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

I make no apology for trying to

interest townspeople in our country population, for I am sure they feel that what affects one must affect the other, and that they would be by no means willing to see this land of ours—which in former times was nothing if not agricultural—entirely alter its character, exchanging its pleasant fields and peaceful villages for barren and almost deserted stretches of country, only relieved by over-grown towns choked with the rustics who once peopled the villages and tilled the fields. But it is of course those who live in the country who can think over the lot of their poorer brethren to the most purpose. I hope I may be pardoned for suggesting that some of them, at least, would be none the worse for a little enlightenment as to what the life of the poor around them really is, and a little less ready acquiescence in the maxim, "Whatever is, is best." Those who have never been used to "consider the poor" (has not the expression a wider meaning than we sometimes give it?) may live in the very heart of the country, and yet know almost nothing of the needs and aspirations of the very labourers who work for them; and even those who have this knowledge—well, familiarity with other people's troubles is apt to breed in some of us, not contempt indeed, but apathy. We become so used to balancing the claims for help of a labourer who has six or seven children to keep out of a regular wage of ten shillings a week, with those of another who has but three children, but whose work can only be done in fine weather, that we often forget to look at things "in the large" at all. We even speak severely to a poor woman who

comes to beg for help,—“because, you know, you are so much better off than some of your neighbours.”

The question which town and country folk alike need to ask themselves is,—How can the life of the country poor be made happier and better? And one of the first answers to suggest itself is this—the country should not be inhabited by the poor alone. We leave the country to take care of itself, and then complain that the poor follow our example. How are they to help it? The money which is drawn from the country, and which it seems only natural to expect should be spent in the country, too often goes to keep up a house in town, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a villa at Nice for the winter months. Is it right—is it just—that so little of the money made in the country should be spent there? Is it fair (to take another view of the question) that a family which lives, wholly, or in part, upon its farm rents, should withdraw its humanizing, civilizing influence from the country, thinking a month or two out of the year quite enough to bestow upon it—perhaps doing even less, and only appearing for the rent-dinner and a few days' shooting?

If the lot of the agricultural labourer is to be happier than it at present is, we must bear in mind two things. Firstly, it must be more profitable; secondly, it must be more interesting. If, in seeking to accomplish the former, we find, as we no doubt shall, that we are also accomplishing the latter, so much the better.

So much has been said of late about the desirability of allotments for the labourers, that I need not dwell at any length upon it. I must, however, express my firm belief that the only way to attach the best sort of labourer to the land, and to make him thrifty, contented, and hopeful, is to let him have a small bit of land which he may cultivate for himself, and, further, to give him the hope that he may one day possess more. The present state of things chafes him not a little. He

sees that the farms are under-manned, the fields over-run with weeds, and the crops poor for want of manure; but what he does not see is the shrunken capital of the farmers, and the dread of throwing good money after bad which makes them hesitate to employ more hands. “The farmers, they don't do right by the land,” he will tell you. “They don't take on near so many min as they should; and then they send 'em about from one farm to another, and 'tain't likely as the land'll do well when one set o' min have to goo right up to the endway one day, and down hinder the next. They're al'ays a scrappin' and a lookin' to get what they can out o' the land, but they ain't got no mind to put a mite on. I warrant I'd do butter by it if I had a bit. But there, 'tain't no use talkin'. They don't do as they should by the land, and they don't like to let the min have it, nudder. If they see a man tryin' to help himself, they'll never gie him a leg up; they'd have him where he is, and then ask what he's got to call out about.”

I have not a word to say against the ordinary allotments. Many of them, indeed, are so small that we can hardly call them anything but gardens; but they have this great advantage, that no capital is needed to work them, and that even a lad can take one, spending upon it the earnings which might otherwise be frittered away at the public-house. The family allotment, again, is a great interest, not only to the man, but to his wife and children. A friend who has lately started them tells me of one woman who is so enthusiastic over her husband's little patch of ground, that she may often be seen on moonlight nights working away at her vegetables or corn.

But while admitting to the full the good that these allotments do, I cannot think they are all that is needed. A small allotment is quite enough for a man to begin with, and probably for many men to go on with; but chances

should be provided for an intelligent, thrifty, and hard-working labourer to take on more land, bit by bit, and, if he proves himself fit for it, to become in time a small farmer. I know it is often said that no allotment should exceed half an acre, and that a rood, or even twenty rods, is as much as can with prudence be allowed. But I cannot help thinking, with the labourer, that this is a theory too stubbornly adhered to. "Cou'n't master gie us a trial?" he asks. "If we act right by he, what call's he got to ask what we're doin' for weselves? There's some min as can't keep their own garden clean, let alone a 'lotment; and there's others as 'd do well by him and themselves too. Don't, what's he got to do but to turn 'm off?" I know of a man who farms two acres and a half for himself, and earns ten shillings a week from his master at the same time; and even if a labourer who is gradually increasing the size of his holding begins to find that occasional work for a master suits him better than regular work by the week, well, every farm needs extra hands now and again, and it would be indeed an excellent thing if such men, for instance, as those who work "along o' the 'chines," had employment for the many days in the year when the machines are not in use.

The dream of some of the better kind of labourers is to rent a small farm of from ten to fifteen acres, and to give up working for wages, except for a day or two now and then. The work would be hard, and the family would very likely live as poorly as a labourer's. But then, the delights of working for yourself, of knowing that you are your own master, that the fruits of the earth on which the sweat of your brow has fallen are yielded up, not to another, but to yourself, that *Sic vos non vobis* can be said to you never again!

Not many weeks ago, I called one evening to see one of those small farmers. He came in from his work—stripping the bullace-trees in his tiny

orchard—looking pretty cheerful, but when I asked how he was getting on, it was evident at once that he had taken on with his farmer's work the farmer's privilege of grumbling. "Well, miss," he said, "you see I've had such a wonderful lot of pullbacks; don't, I think I might a been doin' better, for I've worked hard, and I've clent up the land as well's ever I knew how. I took on two acres more and a mite o' midderland o' Michaelmas; and I counted on makin' a goodish bit o' money of they sows; but there, the plaguey things died o' the fever, all three on 'em, and so I never took nothin'. I don't know, I'm sure, how it is; I keep on scrappin' all day, and it don't seem no manner o' good. I don't see as I'm a bit better off than when I worked for a master."

The cheery-faced little wife broke in at that; she evidently had strong ideas on the subject. "Oh, Tom, you know as you'd never like to goo back. He know he'd never work with the same heart, miss, let him say what he 'ull. It's just 'cause he feel so low, 'cause of all his pullbacks; and the rent's a heavy one, and no mistake, and of course he feel it. But he 'ouldn't goo back to what he used to be; he couldn't work for no master but himself, now he knows the difference."

He brightened up a little at this. "No, no, I couldn't do that—the missus is right enough," he said. "Happen, I'll have better luck next year; and that owd powny I picked up last winter, he's a wonderful help to me, for he can do all sorts o' odd jobs for the nybours, let alone my cartin'. O' course he ain't no use for the ploughin', 'tain't likely; but I sha'n't want to hire no more for that; what's left o' the land me and my booy can dig. There ain't no use bein' mewhearted; take it all round, I like the work well, and I wouldn't change, no more'n the missus 'ould."

The real difficulty with which these small farmers have to contend is the want of capital, and a very serious

one it no doubt is. Many men can never get over the initial mistake of beginning with insufficient capital; and many more are doubtless prevented from ever making a start by the lack of this most important requisite. I was delighted to hear a gentleman of naturally cautious temperament, who knew the labourers well, say the other day that, as regards security, one might do much worse with one's money than lend it as capital to picked men of the labouring class who were anxious to better themselves.

I cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection the case of three labourers—all brothers—whose master (a more enlightened man than the majority of our farmers) allowed them two or three years ago to hire from him a six-acre field, into which they agreed to put the compensation-money paid to one of them for an injury done to his hand while working a machine. I shall not forget the sight of these three men working away side by side as if their lives depended on it, and barely looking up as we passed, though one was a rather special friend of mine. I had quite forgotten about the six-acre field, and was struck with wonder at so unusual a sight. Then the idea suddenly occurred to me, "It must be their own field!" It was, and I wondered no longer. Some months later I took occasion to ask one of these labourers how the field was prospering; and he was evidently delighted to talk of a matter so near his heart. "I ain't a mite afeard of not gettin' on," were almost his first words. "Give me a bit o' land, and I warrant I'd get a livin' out of it somehow. We've had this field rather more'n two year now, and I carried down the second year's rent t'other day. The pigs made that. The first year we couldn't look to make much, for the land wanted a deal o' cleanin'; but we didn't do so bad after all, and we got seed-corn enough for plantin'. And this year we had wheat an' 'taters and beans, and we did well o' them all; and there warn't no trouble

about they beans, 'cause we just chuck 'em over to the pigs, and they ate 'em up quick enough, and did all the throschin' too. You should a heard 'em squeak when I come up with an armful; and they crackle 'em up jus' as if they'd been sugar. And my sakes, they pigs was beauties, they was 'most as fat as butter! I sent 'em right up to a salesman in London and he gann [gave] me a good price for 'em. And the wheat warn't no trouble, nudder. What we didn't want for weselves, master took one year just as it stood; and I did well by it this year too."

I interposed here, telling him I had often heard it said that directly a labourer began to grow more food than was needed by his own family his troubles would begin, on account of the impossibility of finding a good market for it. But he laughed this idea to scorn. "I don't know nothin' o' that," he said. "I warrant I'll sell all I want to get riddy on, and do well by it too."

Further conversation elicited the fact that the family lived no better than they had done before. He and his brothers, with their boys to help them, evidently worked early and late (for the master's hours must not of course be encroached upon), and their profits were in all probability such as a tradesman would turn up his nose at. But—and this is the point which I wish to bring out—he had an object in life, and it made a new man of him. Hope, energy, and self-respect were plainly visible in his face and bearing; and I have an idea that if any more olive-branches grace his already well-stocked table, they will be greeted more warmly than the existing ones were. Perhaps we may never again understand the feelings of the Jewish mothers of old, who "remembered no more the anguish, for joy that a man was born into the world;" but is it too much to hope that some day the tears shed by poor Mrs. Allen and her neighbours at the prospect of an addition to their

families, may be chased away by the thought that at least the "booy" will be able to help the father on his bit of land?

One word more, and I will leave this part of the subject. I speak with much diffidence, but I cannot help thinking that more enterprise is needed by all classes in the country. To a plain person it does seem rather strange that when many farms are letting for seven and sixpence or four and sixpence an acre, others are only too gladly given over for no rent at all to any one who will take the land and its burdens off the owner's hands, and some are even falling out of cultivation altogether. It does seem strange that the landowners, and the unfortunate possessors of glebeland, should not be at the pains of inquiring whether they might not with profit cut up some of their farms, and let to labourers instead of to farmers. It would give them some trouble, true, but not more trouble, one would think, than farming their own land, as many clergymen, as well as other landowners, have lately been obliged to do. Couple the ridiculously low rents which are given for so many farms with this fact—that in the very same parishes labourers pay for their allotments at the rate of twenty, thirty, and five and thirty shillings per acre<sup>1</sup> (the actual rent is much higher, but I have allowed for the owners having to pay rates, tithe, etc.) and it does seem worth while at least to try the experiment.

I believe that in many parishes more allotments would be eagerly taken up if only the land selected were near enough to the cottages—a most important point; and chances might at the same time be provided for men who want to try farming on a small, rather than gardening on a big scale. A friend of mine lets about half his bit of glebeland in allotments of various sizes, and the

rest to a former labourer who pays a good rent for his fifteen acres of land, keeps pigs and a pony, and appears to be getting along well. The knowledge that more of these tiny farms were to be had would, I believe, do much to awaken a spirit of enterprise among the labourers, and to prevent the frittering away of time and money at the village ale-house, in which those who have no hope for the future are sure to indulge.

Living from hand to mouth, on poor and not always sufficient diet, is of course not conducive to this spirit of enterprise; but workers in the country should do everything they can to arouse and foster it by sympathy, help, and advice. For instance, they may bring their better informed and more alert minds to bear upon the little industries which the cottagers already do, or at any rate might take up. The keeping of chickens and bees might be greatly extended; and some amount of time may most usefully be spent in encouraging these industries, and in pointing out various ways in which they might be made more profitable. To give one example—it never occurs to many a cottage woman that a hatching of eggs is worth twice as much in February as it is in July; and that, by judiciously utilising the warmth of her house, she might have both chickens and eggs to dispose of at the very times when they are most scarce. Something may be done, again, towards securing a better market for the produce of the cottage yard and garden. With the co-operation of a few townspeople some cottagers of my acquaintance have been enabled to drive a thriving trade (in their small way) in poultry and eggs, an indirect result of this new outlet for their produce being that the "higglers" began to raise the wretchedly low prices which the cottagers had hitherto been obliged to accept from them.

Pigs, again, are a most useful adjunct to a cottage home; and though I have often heard it said

<sup>1</sup> Only five or six years ago I knew of allotments letting at the rate of four, and, I believe, even six pounds per acre, the landlord, of course, paying all charges on the land.

that pigs only pay when they can be fed on the leavings of a large household, I have never found a labourer who agrees with this. "I know that [it] pay," said a man to me the other day. "I kep' a pig for a mort o' years when I lived at one o' they housen down hinder, afore I was put to mind the farm, and I used to make five, ten, or pretty nigh twenty shill'ns on 'em, 'cordin' as how my luck went. And there was one that grew won'erful fast, and I got twenty-one and sixpence for he; and that never had a chice o' food but what I bought, 'cept as it might be a cabbage leaf or two out o' the garden." But a man must have a little capital to buy his pig, and to provide it with food; and I think that a little money lent for making a start with might be most beneficial. In chicken-keeping, too, a small loan now and then might enable a woman to keep a brood of chickens until she can make a good profit on them, instead of being obliged, as is often the case, to sell them off at once, because she cannot buy food for them.

Goats also might be kept. Their food costs but little, and the milk would be an excellent thing for the children, many of whom hardly know the taste of milk at all. A labourer of my acquaintance was helped to buy a goat a year or two ago; it was then just old enough to leave its mother and cost about six shillings. When I last saw him he was full of Jenny's praises. "We should be loth to part wi' she," he told me. "The milk's a proper comfort, 'specially where there's so many little uns. They al'ays count on their milk messes now, and it fare to do us all good, for tea a'thout milk gnaw the stomach, I do believe. And Jenny, she play along o' the children like a Christian; and when she had they two kids, she didn't gie me no trouble; when I went out one mornin' there were the dear little things lyin' alongside o' she. There was a Billy and a Nanny, and I sold both on 'em; and all the summer she gann me two

good quarts o' milk, and she's givin' three pints now. And bless you, I never feel the miss o' what she eat. She pick up a little along o' the chickens and rabbits; and the boosy and I, we got leave to scrap round the fields for mites o' grass, till we got enough to make a little stack; and that'll help she through the winter, along o' the lumps o' ship's parsley that the little uns bring in."

It is true the farmers are apt to look with suspicion upon the pig and poultry-keeping of their labourers, alleging that it tempts them to pilfer food, and that the women allow their chickens to roam over and damage the crops. Some farmers prohibit it altogether; and others, while not going so far as this, yet put great restrictions upon it. But if we are going to take all temptation out of a labourer's way, let us, for goodness' sake, set about doing it thoroughly, and forbid him to burn a fire; think how great is the temptation to the poor fellow to steal wood for it! But seriously, is it not the knowledge that one is kept down at every turn, and forbidden to have the least little bit of property of one's own—is not this one of the greatest temptations there can be to reckless and dishonest treatment of the property of other and more fortunate people? Surely this is a case in which a little help from a sensible friend may be of great use. Let the farmer's objections to pig and poultry keeping be set before the labourers by one who can see both sides of the question, with the warning that, if leave is granted, he will be on his trial as regards both honesty and carefulness; then let his cause be pleaded with tact and judgment before the farmer, and I believe that in most cases he will be allowed, as he certainly ought to be allowed, to try his luck.

But perhaps there is quite as much scope for work in another direction. If we cannot always help the labourer to make money, we may at least be able to prevent his losing it. I am



but stating the opinion of many others who have a far deeper knowledge of the subject than I, when I say that one of the evils of our time is the state of the poor men's sick benefit clubs. If any of my readers wishes for a good example of the devil "fashioning himself into an angel of light," let him read Canon Blackley's *Thrift and Independence*, with its appalling accounts of the mismanagement, the rottenness, and too often the fraud, of these so-called benefit clubs. Let him hear from that careful and competent observer that in 1883 an actuary of the highest eminence pronounced that of two hundred clubs whose valuations he had undertaken to make, only thirty-one were in a sound condition; adding that so far as he was aware, only seventeen out of the remaining one hundred and sixty-nine had taken any steps to redress the terrible deficiency pointed out to them. Let him hear again, that, according to a Parliamentary Return published in 1881, there were nearly four thousand adult male paupers to be found in five hundred and seventy-six of our union workhouses—unfortunate men who had been driven into "the house" by the breaking up of the clubs to which many of them had subscribed for twenty and even thirty years. Better still, let him go into our workhouses, and hear for himself the same sad tale from one and another, "My club's broke up; that's why I'm here."

I shall not easily forget the face of an old man upon whom I chanced only the other day, in a visit to a country workhouse. He was a fine looking old fellow, with a certain dignity about him which even the dejection and hopelessness of his expression could not destroy; and when I sat down beside him on the hard wooden bench, and asked how he did, he uttered no complaints, but just poured out one of those pathetic stories that are so often to be met with. "Ay, it's the rheumatics;

they've took a howd on me at last, and I doubt I'll never get riddy on 'em no more this side the grave. I've been a bully man in my time, and I've worked as hard as ever I knew how; but I'm broke up now. My owd missis, she al'ays was a poor thing; she'd lie awake nights, and take on about her leg; and I often felt grieved, 'cause I couldn't ease her. But I tended she, and I kep the home together as long's ever I could, till they rheumatics come, and I couldn't do no more. I couldn't work, and I couldn't tend she; and then they took her to the hospital, and I let 'em bring me here. And I don't see as how I'm ever to get out no more, for there's nothin' to look to; we sold off 'most all we had afore I'd let 'em take her."

He never looked at me as he spoke, but sat with his head resting on his hand, his clear light blue eyes gazing absently across the dreary room to the white-washed wall opposite. They were so full of patient sorrow and (when he spoke of his absent wife) of yearning, that I felt as though it would relieve the pain at my heart if I could attach some blame to him, and said; "But you really should have been in a club, you know." "I was in a club," he replied. "I'd paid into that club for 'most thutty year, and never had but seven and sixpence out. That broke up o' Christmas three months afore I was took, and each on us got ten shill'n's; that was all there was."

But let our inquirer come into the villages, and observe for himself the working of these clubs. Let him hear that many of them are started by the publicans, and that almost all meet at the ale-house. Let him hear that—apart from the fact that most of them are started on an utterly unsound basis—they are simply "drowned in beer," as some one has neatly put it. With the rule in force that on every club-night the price of a pint of beer (sometimes even of a quart) is drawn from each member's funds, and the beer placed on the table of the club-

room whether the member is there or not, is it any wonder that the clubs get into difficulties, that the wives dread the club-nights, and that many of the members themselves know and fear the temptation to which they are exposed? How many men have moral courage enough not to try how much they can carry of, say, the eighty pints of beer which the landlord will send in, when (if the night is "coarse," and the wind "stingy") there may only be twenty or thirty members present to drink it? How many men, again, can resist the temptation, when members are more and beer less plentiful, to spend their hard-earned wages in satisfying the appetite which the first pint has but whetted?

Surely every friend of the labourer should make it his business to inquire into this subject, to do what he can towards stirring up public opinion, both among the labourers and elsewhere, against the refinement of cruelty which makes of the good and prudent impulses of the poor a means to degrade, to impoverish and too often to ruin them. While strongly holding that legislation can and should do much to prevent the ignorance and helplessness of our labourers from being traded upon by unscrupulous or reckless persons, we may yet do much by our individual efforts to counteract the mischief. It may entail some considerable trouble, for country labourers are proverbially hard to move, and apt to be suspicious of any interference with their money affairs; but branches of good clubs (such as the Odd Fellows and the Foresters) can be and have been started in villages by those who have the welfare of the inhabitants at heart. Where wages are too low to admit of the labourers making the payments required by these societies, I would recommend the National Deposit Friendly Society (head-office at Guildford, Surrey), which provides (if desired) for old age as well as for sickness, and has moreover this advantage, that each member has a special deposit

fund of his own, into which he can pay what he pleases, and from which he can at any time draw. Canon Blackley urges that a penny-bank should be started in every school, and that children should be early taught the advantages of thrift and providence. It is certain that valuable work might be done if some of us would take the trouble to master the subject, and then give forth the knowledge which we have gained of benefit clubs, burial societies, and the Post Office aids to thrift, not only to school-children, but to all those among the poor who have learned to regard us as friends. We should warn them, for instance, against those burial companies (or, as the people call them, death clubs) into which many parents put their children, and which (to say nothing of the temptation—alas! a real one—which it offers to some to neglect, and even practically make away with their children) "derive colossal profits," as Canon Blackley tells us, "from the small thrift of the poor," nearly half their income being spent in collection and management.

There is one thing that our benefit clubs, bad as they have been, have taught the people; they do see and appreciate the advantages to be gained by clubbing together. Could they not be helped to extend the principle—to start, for instance, a coal-club, which would buy coal in the summer, and supply its members at a reasonable price in the winter? What should we, who buy in our coals by the ton or even by the truck-load, at the rate of two and twenty or twenty shillings per ton—what should we think of paying eighteen-pence a hundred, or in other words, half as much again? Yet that is what the poor do. A co-operative store, again, would be most useful—even though it did no more than inculcate the ready-money principle. Or should this be thought too much of an undertaking, and hard perhaps on the shopkeepers, would it be hopeless to endeavour to

instil some of our ideas into them, and get them to help us? One of the best-hearted women I know is the keeper of a small village shop. I have often thought that her crest should be a huge ledger, and her motto that of some worthy to whom I once saw a memorial-window in a public building (his history, I think, must have been a pathetic one), "I mean well." She is most patient and forbearing, as well as liberal, towards the poor; but, owing probably to her long-credit system and her bad debts, her calicoes, flannels, and tea are sold to the villagers at twenty-five per cent. more than I can get them for myself. Could not a friendly consultation with her and her kind produce some scheme for encouraging the payment of ready money, and thus helping the poor to better bargains and more thrift? To have the knowledge pressing upon him day by day of a long-outstanding bill against him at the shop, may indeed prevent a man from squandering his money after harvest; but it is a poor sort of check at best,—far inferior to the self-respect and independence of the man who has learnt to pay his way as he goes, and means to keep on as he has begun. True, the poor fellows cannot always avoid running into debt, when a week's hard frost, or a succession of wet days, keeps them from work, and from wage; but many of them could do far better than they now do, if they once got into better habits.

So much, then, for our schemes for making the labourer's life a more prosperous one. If they succeed, we shall indeed have already done much towards satisfying the second of its two imperative demands,—the demand, namely, that it shall be more interesting. But the interests of his daily work, even though it be work for himself, are not all-sufficient for him. True, he has not the quick wits and the craving for excitement of his cousins in the towns. His ignorance on politics, and on many another question, is immense, and he knows it. He

knows it so well that to you it is unfathomable, for he is conscious that to speak would be to betray it, and when you, perhaps, are thinking him sulky or stupid, he is really only shielding himself from pity or ridicule by a silence which is only too eloquent for those who understand it. But he does begin to want to know more: he does feel the need of something to brighten up his life, as well as his wits; and better education will but intensify this feeling. What can he do, in many of our villages, when work is over, but sit boozing in the ale-house, or, when money is short, loiter at the street-corner with his mates, nothing on earth to think of or talk about (indeed they will sometimes stand there for hours in almost total silence) but an occasional bit of village scandal? What wonder if the more intelligent of the young men long to escape from the "immense ennui" of their life,—if the more stirring and fun-loving among them get into mischief for lack of harmless amusement? Without at all discounting the piety of our villagers, I must ask what better proof can there be of the lack of interests in village-life than this—that the loafers at the street-corner will not infrequently come in a body to evening service during the week; and that on a Sunday many of the lads will go straight from one service or class to another (I have known a young fellow attend as many as six) making a regular day of it, as one may say, and distributing their attentions quite impartially between church and chapel.

We cannot too soon set about remedying this grand defect of village life,—its dulness. Let us come down among the people, mix with them more, and try what we can do to enliven them. I believe our poor,—our country poor, at any rate—will always appreciate friendliness (not condescending patronage) on the part of the rich. It gives some interest to their lives even to see us going about amongst them. "The village

do fare so wonderful dull when you're away. 'Tain't that you speak to us, or that we even get a sight of you, always; but when you're at home, we know you'll be about the village some time in the day, and it do seem different," was said to a lady not long ago by a village woman,—who was, I should add, quite above receiving any "charity." I believe there are many cottagers who feel just as she did; they want sympathy, friendship, something that will give colour and brightness to their dull life.

And when we have once made friends with them, they will be far more ready to listen to, and to act upon, our notions of morality, propriety, and refinement. So long as there is a great gulf fixed between us, they are content that we should have one code of morals, they another. They look upon our scruples, our delicacies, and even our principles, as of a piece with our way of living—the privileges, in fact, of gentlefolk; and if they take pains to hide their wrong-doing, it will be out of respect for our susceptibilities, or dread lest they may lose our help, rather than from any actual sense of sin or shame.

We want more evening clubs in our villages; more concerts, more classes, and if possible a recreation-ground, be it ever so small, in which games could be played, and a band occasionally listened to (if it be a village-band, so much the better) on a summer evening. Anything which gives the people something to think about, and to look forward to, is useful; and the more they can share in the entertainment, the better it will be. I have found the performance of a Service of Song, with weekly practices throughout the winter, very popular;

and monthly or fortnightly concerts, in which local talent is used as much as possible, are much appreciated. "You see, miss, they last us such a nice long time," was once said to me. "We're looking forward to the concert all one week, and then the next week we're thinking how we enjoyed it." As for acting, the people pronounce it "wholly beautiful to see," and declare that "they shouldn't mind if they sat all night" to watch it. "The village'd be wholly lost athout you and your concerts," they often say.

I should think the majority of our villages have night-schools; but they too often degenerate into mere classes for teaching the three R's to boys who have just left school. We want to include a different class of scholar and an additional kind of teaching. I have known a course of simple lessons on geography and general information, given in the form of extempore and very chatty lectures, with an occasional reading from some book on the subject, and a plentiful supply of pictures, or actual specimens of the objects named—I have known these to be listened to by a large class of young men with the greatest attention. The Education Acts are often accused of having made the more intelligent of our young labourers discontented with country-life and eager to go into the towns. This is not exactly my experience. The boys are one and all eager to leave school, and go to work in the fields; and when they grow older, I believe their love for a country-life still continues, or would continue, if only (a very important *if*) it were a little more prosperous, and a good deal more interesting. Is it impossible to make it so?

## THE WORLD'S AGE.

Oh, never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Low in the west burned day's red line,  
And stretched across the broadening sea  
Dim loomed a sheltering island-shrine  
Where dreams could float, and peace must be,  
Such force of lonely calm it keeps,  
While round it fret the Atlantic deeps.

We wandered down the fairy coast,  
By stony cape, leaf-muffled lane ;  
Below, the clash of ocean's host,  
And song of the moon-lifted main ;  
Above vague leagues of ghostly hill,  
And night's far lights to raise and thrill.

And the still air's star-sprinkled height,  
And music of the plunging wave,  
To love's charmed life a new delight,  
A note of loftier sweetness gave ;  
Ah ! will our vanished love live on,  
When we from the fair earth are gone ?

"No ! hope is faded like the leaf,  
And faith has perished like the flower,  
And disillusionment and grief  
Moan where strove patience, ardour, power !  
A glory lights the world," they say ;  
" 'Tis autumn's glory of decay.

"The eager thought, the generous haste,  
Bright castles of the building brow,  
Imagination's noble waste,  
Love's untired toils—what are they now ?  
The slain tones of a shattered lyre,  
Dead ashes of ideal fire."



Too true, I murmur, as I sit,  
In these forlorn and wistful years,  
While shapes familiar past me flit,  
Figures of beauty dashed with tears,  
Life's morning stars, a thousand things  
That shone in unforgotten springs.

And yet, so long as time shall be,  
The years will wake with bloom and mirth,  
Come singing bird to budding tree,  
Young splendour to the kindling earth,  
Undying lights of love arise  
On mortal hearts, in mortal eyes.

And shall that realm of silence where  
We all our final harbour find,  
Be quite bereft of memories fair,  
Of answering throb and blended mind—  
No tides of thought, of feeling roll  
Through the veiled kingdom of the soul?

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## IN CLASSIC WATERS.

Few seas are more variable and stormy than the Ægean. Its waves are indeed as quick to subside as they are to rise, but the spring, which is the season of travel, is also the season of wind, and the voyager may often be forced to lie in shelter in spite of all impatience when progress would be attended with danger and discomfort.

Such a contrary wind arose the evening we embarked at Laurium, whither our vessel had preceded us from the Piræus, and after vainly attempting to make head against it through the night, the captain had no choice but to put back. For a whole day we lay off Theriko, helpless, unable to reach the shore, with our cables entangled in those of a big Turkish merchant-steamer in ballast, which had swung round upon us early that morning, carrying away our companion as she was taking up her position, and now lay unpleasantly close astern, seeming to threaten our screw and steering-gear each time the twisted cable taunted. In the afternoon the wind fell, and we were able to proceed to the work of disengaging the cables. By evening the wind and waves had both gone to sleep, and the full moon shone over a perfectly calm sea on a March night as soft and mild as that of a northern summer. One of the pleasures of the sea is its contrasts, and when we woke soon after daybreak the following morning off the plain of Oropus, not a breath stirred the buoyant morning air; the water between Eubœa and the mainland lay as calm as an inland lake, and the sky was without a cloud; a few grebe were dotted about on the water, a diver-bird flapped his wings on a rock close by, and on the shore a motley crowd were awaiting us with ponies, mules, and donkeys. The scene

was one of extraordinary beauty. The fertile border-land of Attica and Boeotia sloped in wood and cornland to the sea; away to the north-west the blue channel of Euripus narrowed to the strait of Chalcis in gentle heights and rounded hills; still further west towered the double crown of Parnassus, white with snow; over against us lay Eretria, dominated by the rocky masses of the Eubœan Olympus, and beyond the snowy dome of Delphi (*Dirphle*). The whole landscape was alive and glistening in the "everlasting wash of air."

We landed, secured the services of the heterogeneous quadrupeds grouped on the beach, and then struck inland towards the wooded slopes. We were crossing the plain of Oropus which lies in the old debatable land between Attica and Boeotia, but of Oropus itself not a trace is left, and even its site is a question of dispute. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Markoponto, finely situated on the lower heights that bound the plain, where the inevitable coffee and sweetmeats with the headman of the village awaited us; and then, after traversing the hills in a southerly direction for the best part of a second hour, we began to descend into a deep and wooded valley by a slope which bore unmistakable evidence of walls and foundations, and alighting at its foot we found ourselves among the ruins of the oracle and shrine of Amphiaraus. So little has been said or written of this site that we had not by any means anticipated the treat that was in store for us, and were enabled to appreciate the sensations of the French architect Bocher, who, wandering in the last century through the unexplored highlands of Elis, came suddenly upon the glorious temple of

Bassæ. The site was identified by Leake's unerring instinct more than fifty years ago; but it is only very recently that the Greek Archaeological Society have uncovered a portion of the interesting remains and brought to light a number of inscriptions which prove the correctness of Leake's identification. The scene must have been one of peculiar and romantic beauty when all the buildings, of which many still lie buried in the hillside, were standing and complete. A little stream which seems to come spouting forth from a grotto in the rock at the valley's end divides the deep and woody glen with its bed of oleanders. The water must at one time have been conveyed along a marble channel, or trough, with small oval basins at regular intervals, skirting a colonnade some two hundred paces in length, with a marble seat running all along the inner wall. Where this colonnade terminated towards the spring are a number of pedestals for statues with dedicating inscriptions to Amphiaræus, and we found a few pieces of an unfinished colossal figure, together with many fragments of black pottery. Behind the colonnade built into the hillside is a beautiful little theatre, with the scenes still remarkably perfect, and five marble armchairs of good design inscribed with the name of the dedicator, Nicon the son of Nicon, priest of Amphiaræus. Save the fact of his war against Thebes, and that the earth opened to swallow him in his chariot, tradition has preserved but little account of this dim priest and king, and of his oracle still less.

Returning on board soon after noon, we left Eretria on the right and steamed away beneath a cloudless sky on an enchanted sea towards the narrow strait that parts Eubœa from the mainland. Through the gorges of Parnes beyond we caught occasional glimpses of Helicon and Parnassus, and as we approached Chalcis Venetian forts and towers crowned the lower heights of Eubœa towards the sea. Everywhere throughout these waters

we came upon the witness of the old sea-queen's dominion; along the shores of the gulf of Corinth, in all the islands of the Ionian Sea, at Nauplia and by the stormy Matapan, in Cerigo and Eubœa, and far away in the southern Ægean at Crete and Rhodes, dominating the fortress gates and morticed into the battled wall, emblem of a glory that is departed, the Lion of St. Mark. The Kastro, or old town of Chalcis, is exceedingly picturesque with its half ruined bastions and towers; imbedded in the walls and pavements, and set up over the gates of its gardens are numbers of cannon-balls of various sizes, the relics of many sieges. Some acrobats were performing on the quay as we landed and half the male population had come out to see. The Turkish character has left a strong impress here, though but a small number of Turks are still included among the seven thousand inhabitants; scarcely any women are to be seen in the streets, and every one whose hands are not otherwise employed is finger-ing a string of amber beads or cowrie-shells. On board again we steamed up the Atalanta channel, as the coast of Eubœa to our right grew more and more rugged, till the precipitous range of Kandili rose up in a dark mass from the sea, and the chart marked over two hundred fathoms' depth at its feet. Behind these gloomy rocks the long central snow-spine and the white cone of Delphi caught the rose of the setting sun, as it sank through a mass of golden vapour into the hollow between the two peaks of Parnassus. Then great clouds came rolling up on every side and in a moment all was dark. The moon rose late over the range of Othrys, and showed at intervals as we turned into the Maliaç Gulf and anchored for the night.

As the sun rose next morning through a thick bank of clouds which covered the snow line of Othrys, and clung round the black rock of Cæta, we were lying off the village of Molo, half a mile inland on the southern side

of the gulf. The carriages ordered from Styliada on the further side were duly awaiting us in the little square, where all the male population had assembled to see us, wild-looking fellows in thick frieze cloaks with handsome bronzed faces. Two guards accompanied us, or rather followed on foot out of compliment rather than precaution, for here, as indeed everywhere in Greece nowadays, unless it be upon the Turkish frontier, the traveller may go where he will without apprehension, finding only ready hospitality from the mountaineers of such kind as their means allow them. Where else indeed will you find a peasantry who will go a mile or two on the road with you to put you in the right way, whose pride would resent the idea of any remuneration for the service? The sun quickly dispelled the clouds and the heat soon became excessive, as we drove on for some two hours along a road bordered with iris and anemone between the highlands and the marshy plains towards the sea. Suddenly the heights grew more abrupt; beyond a group of rounded hillocks and a ruined mill a white level of salt and sulphureous incrustation spread itself below the rough and almost inaccessible side of Mount Callidromus—we were at the western entrance of the pass. But the whole configuration of the land is changed. The alluvial deposits of the Spercheius, which enters the gulf of the valley dividing Eta from Othrys, have created a plain of several square miles in extent where once the sea came up in shallows to the precipitous mountain side, leaving only the narrow road some fifty feet in breadth across which ran the wall whence the Greeks sallied out for the first two days' battle. The sulphur-springs issuing from the foot of Mount Callidromus, which gave the place its name, have evidently changed their course repeatedly. They appear even to have done so since Leake was here fifty years ago; and their spreading waters have also covered with a thick

and ever-increasing saline and sulphureous deposit the exact spot where the main battle took place. Again, in a country so subject as this to earthquakes one cannot help presuming that the very mountain has somewhat changed its aspect. Boulders have fallen from above; the rains have washed down soil from the loftier levels; stunted firs and herbage have caught between the boulders; and instead of the inaccessible rock-wall flanking the sea-road, we find to-day a mountain side, rough and rugged and wild enough, but hardly so insurmountable that it might not some where be scaled by a light-armed detachment whose slings and arrows would have caused much havoc among the crowded ranks in the narrow way below. But much remains in spite of all the change. The black mass of Eta, now just veined with snow in the deeper hollows, rises like a mighty sentinel guarding the way into the heart of Greece: on the far side the blue waters of the Maliac Gulf wash a less rugged shore with dotted villages upon the green slope under the white ridges of Othrys; but on this side all is stern and desolate. The steaming sulphur-springs swirl and eddy in a deep sapphire-blue stream between their glistening barren banks, spreading out into the marshland with its miles of waving rushes over which the crane and heron flap their dusky wings; above us the peaks of Callidromus break the blue sky, grown quite cloudless now, with a pitiless sun burning down upon the yellow crystal-crusted floor, over which the shadows of the poisoning eagles pass as they swoop and rise again. The only sign of human habitation is the ruined mill, and the spirit of solitude seems to haunt the place. We found the hill at the western entrance where the last stand was made, and where once the lion marked the grave of Leonidas; and we thought we also traced the line by which the Persians must have descended, moving over the heights of Callidromus under guidance of the

traitor Ephialtes, when the Phocians proved unworthy of their great opportunity, as they did again two centuries later when Brennus with his Gauls was checked at the same place. But who thinks of Brennus, and the gallant stand against him? Who thinks of the Syrian Antiochus here barring the way with his elephants against Acilius and Cato, when the mercenary phalanx was proved inferior to the quick movements of the legion and the short sharp sword that was then cutting its way to the dominion of the world? The poet's magic has not touched the tale; but standing here, watching the mountain eagles soar among the crags of Oeta, who would not feel the quick blood thrill with the thought of "the three hundred men of the Grecian glen"?

We steamed out of the gulf under a glorious blue sky of afternoon, heading nearly due east between the northern shore of Eubœa with its green peninsular of Lithadha and the rocky coast of Thelis. Far ahead was a glimpse of open sea dotted with faint island outlines between the Magnesian promontory and the Cape of Artemisium, which gave its name to the first sea-fight in which Grecian vessels tried their strength against the Persian galleys. A school of dolphins espied our ship and came racing after her, leaping high out of the water, passing and repassing one another till they reached our bows, and played in the wash where the nose of the vessel cut the clear water with evident delight, rolling round and round, swimming seemingly without effort and without a shade of fear. For nearly an hour they kept us company, only departing as we turned into the narrow entrance of the gulf of Volo, under the town of Trikeri which hangs along the rocky ridge that, like a bent finger, terminates the long Magnesian promontory. Two hours more and we were at the anchor of Volo, waiting for the moon to rise.

It is a long day from Volo to Tempe and back, and only possible with the

assistance of a special train at Larissa; otherwise the night must be spent at the latter, with such indifferent accommodation as Thessalian inns afford. There is the same objection to visiting the mountain monasteries of Meteora, a kind of smaller Athos, which may be reached by rail to Kalabaka, a run of at least four hours from Volo, starting whence the traveller may either spend the night with the monks, or returning a short distance by rail to Trikkala will find some sort of quarters for the night. The visit to these crag-built hermitages, accessible only by swinging ladders or in a net drawn up several hundred feet through the air over a cranky windlass, offers opportunities to say the least of it unusual; but nevertheless, having discussed and abandoned the practicability of a long day on mules from Kalabaka to Larissa along the still somewhat ill-famed northern frontier, we decided to leave Meteora for another occasion and to start at sunrise on the morrow for Tempe.

At that early hour accordingly we found ourselves traversing the scanty level by the sea and ascending by rapid gradients through the pass of Pilar Tepè into the wide plain of the Peneus, the smaller of the two great Thessalian plateaux. On our right we could see the still grey waters of Lake Bœbeis lying under Maurovuni, the ancient Cynoscephalæ which links Ossa to Pelion, the remnant in that angle of mountain of a vast lake which somewhere in the remote past must have covered the whole plain. For miles and miles it stretched in a dead level before us girdled with a violet crown of mountains, the grass on the fallows blending with the young corn and covering it all with a soft carpet of green, over which the plough might drive a straight furrow for some thirty miles in any direction and never encounter an obstacle save the numerous *tumuli* which dot its surface. Not a tree relieves the eye except at Larissa and Velestino, the station where we made our first halt. This last occupies



the site of the ancient Phæræ, where once Apollo tended the flocks of King Admetus, where Hercules in his Thessalian wanderings found mourning in the house of his friend and brought him back Alcestis from the jaws of death. For nearly two hours we went on across the centre of the plateau, passing now and then a mule-train or a group of nomad Wallacks, till at last we saw the twenty-seven minarets of Larissa rising into the misty morning air. The larger proportion of the Turkish population has abandoned Thessaly since its cession to Greece, destroying the mosques, in some cases even digging up their dead to carry with them, but leaving the minarets which rise from every town and village like landmarks of a vanished race. The population here is therefore thin and the resources of the country not yet fully developed. Larissa can boast a few good modern houses, but the majority of its buildings are low one-storied cabins built of mud-brick, or lath and plaster structures with the trellised windows and enclosing wall which show their Turkish origin. After the necessary visit to the mayor, our party entered three carriages and started for a four hours' drive across the plain in a north-easterly direction, cutting a great arc of the Peneus, which skirting Larissa flows north and then east to find its way to the sea through the narrow gorge of Tempe. An escort of eight cavalry soldiers followed at a little distance, for it is still maintained that security cannot be guaranteed in the immediate vicinity of the Turkish frontier. The sky was still covered with a light film of vapour and we were spared the full fierceness of the sun as we drove over the hot and shadeless plain, without house or tree or flower, a solitude abandoned to the magpies and jackdaws and the grazing flocks.

After following a grassy track for about two hours we reached the entrance of a valley between the lower spurs of Olympus and Ossa. The

plain is bordered on this side by a marsh through which runs a rough stone causeway of Turkish construction only passable on foot; so leaving the carriages to plough their way through the reeds and the water, which even now in some places covered the axles, we tramped across the half-mile of causeway. Thence, over brooks and ruts that fairly shook the breath out of one's body, we came down into the green and fruitful valley of the Peneus which had entered the hills some miles to the west. Turkish villages lay to right and left on the higher ground, with their low brown cabins, looking in the distance almost Japanese, with the white minaret of the mosque always rising in the centre. In contrast to the monotonous plain these higher lands are dotted with pink and red anemone and patches of iris not yet in full flower. Brown and white sheep, black-muzzled and active as goats, grazed by the road-side; the sheep dogs, reminding one of the Maremma breed, lay quietly in the sun, and did not rush howling after us like their kindred of Attica and Peloponnese; a shepherd in short home-spun tunic, blue leggings, brown cloak of frieze and small round white cap, with arms suspended over the crook upon his shoulders, watched us with a curious wonder as we passed. All was very peaceful and smiling, a happy land under the shadow of Olympus and the gods. At an hour's distance from the plain we reached the village of Baba, where we stayed to refresh both man and beast. A cluster of fine cypresses, with their grey and polished stems set side by side like organ-pipes, shaded a picturesque mosque fast falling into ruins, and one solitary cypress beside the minaret rose emulously to the blue. Within lies buried the bearer of the banner of Islam when first these Thessalian plains were added to the dominion of the Crescent, his mouldering flag and trappings still decking his lonely grave. The road was less solitary here,—a pack-train of donkeys jingled past, an old Turk

jolted by in his country carriage, and a patrol of troops marched through. An hour more and the mountains closed in: the road skirted a rocky wall over the bed of Peneus fringed with mighty plane trees and willows; and we entered the narrow gorge which parts the chain of Ossa from that of Olympus, hollowed, so the legend runs, by the trident of Poseidon that the waters prisoned on the Thessalian plain might find their way to the sea, haunted with its memories of Orpheus and renowned in song since poetry began. One can well understand the enthusiasm of the ancients for their fairy valley, when one realises the delights, after the long passage of the scorching plain, of entering the cool gorge with its music of rushing water and shade of noble trees elsewhere so rare in Greece. The grey walls of rock, breaking here and there into ochre and red, rise almost perpendicularly from the river-bed, in places to a height of fifteen hundred feet. The satyr-faced goats sprang from crag to crag of the lower precipices. A luxuriant vegetation clung to the cliffs, ivy and wild vine hung down in green festoons, and great ropes of clematis not yet in flower seemed to bind the boulders together; the evergreen holly-oak had root in every available cranny, and drooping tassels of blue pimpernel ran riot over the rocks to console us for the earliness of the season. The river was at this time very full with the melting snow from the mountains, and its eddies circled among the trunks of the bordering planes and willows, hiding the green fringe of meadow which in places should skirt the stream, and bearing so much alien matter along with it that we could not trace the transparent blue-grey tone for which the Peneus is renowned. Beautiful as was the gorge at the close of March, it can be nothing to what a later month must show, when these walls are dotted with rock-flowers, when the clematis drops its long festoons with the rarer passion-flower, when the

oleanders blossom red and pink by the river-side, and its borders are dark in the shade of the spreading planes. Only once in all the length of the pass, a distance of four and a half miles, does a transverse gorge break from it for a short distance to the south, and here a huge square bastion of cliff looks straight through the hollow to the sea. Upon its summit may still be traced a medieval watch-tower, and at its base are remains of a fortress which once barred the way here, built perhaps upon the foundations of a wall which, as a rock inscription records, Lucius Cassius Longinus raised to fortify the pass. On the further side high overhead a number of caverns break the surface of the rock, in the least accessible of which hawks were building, flitting busily in and out of the darkness; and whoso will may identify for himself in one of these mysterious caverns, where the dripping rock is hardest to scale and the overhanging cliffs threaten from above, that fabled entrance to the nether world through which Orpheus dared to descend in search of the dead Eurydice, and where Hercules wrestled with Death for the body of Alcestitis.

Our return journey was somewhat more adventurous. All went well until we reached the marsh and the causeway at the edge of the plain, just as the sun was setting. The two first carriages passed in safety, but the third stuck fast. There was a storm of angry shouting, a selection of the choicer flowers of Greek colloquial rhetoric, much floundering and splashing, when suddenly,—crack went the rotten harness and over rolled all three horses into the mud and water! Twilight came on fast, the plain grew dark and misty, and we at the further end of the causeway soon lost sight of what was going on, except that the drivers of the two other carriages had returned with four horses to the assistance of their comrade. Half an hour passed and no sign of the drivers or their horses. Night closed in, and

the moon would not rise till very late ; the shepherds's fires began to twinkle on the hills and the great stars hung down like lamps from the dark sky, as we stood there with our escort grouped round us some twelve miles from Larissa, where our train was already waiting for us. At last weary of waiting, with what harness was left us we managed to fasten the two remaining horses to the traces of one of the carriages, and, filling it with the ladies of the party and our miscellaneous property, started to walk back to Larissa. It was not easy in the black night to keep upon the grass-grown track, and in the loneliness of the plain there was a feeling of security in the presence of our escort. After we had proceeded thus for the best part of an hour, one driver overtook us riding our third horse. He was weeping copiously, protesting that he was wet through, that his horse which had once been white was now coal black, and that he had a leech in his boot. Getting under way once more we were overtaken before long by a second carriage, into which the rest of us managed to cram, and so arrived at Larissa two hours after our train had been ordered. The third carriage had been abandoned for the time, and was to be extracted in the morning with the assistance of bullocks from the nearest village.

As the March winds were still boisterous we determined to return by the same route, which was also the shortest to the Cyclades, rather than trust the open sea at this season ; for the eastern coast of Eubœa, so fatal to the fleet of Xerxes, is wild and rugged and offers but scanty shelter for ships. Our dolphins rejoined us at the mouth of the gulf of Volo, which we left about eight in the morning, and dropping through the strait of Chalcis about five in the afternoon, in the teeth of a gale from the south which met the current flowing from the north and churned up the sea in the narrow funnel into a perfect whirlpool, we turned into Vasco Bay just below the

strait and anchored for the night. Before midnight the wind fell, and soon after sunrise we dropped down further and anchored in the bay of Aulis. After consultation with the captain it was determined to land at Dramisi, a short distance below the southern strait, to visit the site of Tanagra, and getting back early in the afternoon to run through the night to Delos.

At Dramisi we were able to muster a goodly contingent of mules and donkeys and started inland over a fine country, less wooded than Oropus which lies further south, but rich in cornland with intersecting ravines full of arbutus and lentisk. The village of Skimatari, about three miles from Tanagra, is full of marble scraps and stones evidently brought from the latter ; and two museums, as they grandiloquently call the outhouses where all that has been found there is stored awaiting arrangement, contain many terra-cotta coffins and tombstones from the graves in which were discovered those exquisite statuettes which have given this Bœotian city a second fame. Many of these graves have not yet been opened, but so strict a supervision is now maintained over the owners of the soil, that collectors will do well to distrust the specimens which dealers still offer them in plenty. The graves line the road nearly all the way from Skimatari. In contrast to the refined and delicate art of the buried figures, the stones that marked the graves are of the simplest possible description, and as a rule bear no other record than the mere name of those whose resting place they marked. One broken fragment bore the name Corinna, and thought travelled back to the tale of that Bœotian Sappho, of whose songs no line is left us, who won the lyric prize from Pindar, and whose beauty Pausanias has recorded from seeing her portrait many centuries later. The site of Tanagra, which it took us two hours to reach from the coast, may reveal a great deal hereafter to the excavator ; but at present

it is nothing but a site, a wilderness of thistle, weed, and stone with its circling wall and gates and towers still well defined. The river-bed of the Asopus, skirt-ing the city walls to the south-west, prob-ably afforded the fine clay of which the famous figures were moulded. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages are a fine type, many of them fair, with straight features and pleasant friendly faces, having perhaps a strain of Frankish blood in their composition. But one may be pardoned for trying to cheat imagination into finding here to-day some trace of the goodness which inspired the artists of Tanagra, who fashioned of old, not once or twice in individual perfection but in hun-dreds and thousands with equal care and tenderness, those embodiments of grace and beauty which we have found hidden in their graves.

Next morning found us in the port of Syra. A fresh wind had sprung up with nightfall, and after beating about for many hours off Tenos, where we had intended to land, the captain had been obliged to give it up and make for a safer shelter. But before noon the wind fell sufficiently to admit of a run to Delos, where there is snug lying in the narrow channel between the Sacred Island and the Greater Delos or Rheneia. In less than two hours we steamed into the little strait, where the water was as clear and almost as deep a blue as in the grotto of Capri.

The lesser Delos is a granite rock rising to a considerable elevation in the central height of Cynthus, which gave its name to the two children of Latona. In the distance it had ap-peared bare and treeless, but as we approached we discovered that it was a very isle of flowers; everywhere between the granite boulders, and above the thin corn that was sown in the light surface soil, were innumerable marigolds and scarlet poppies. Save for the solitary guardian in his hut among the ruins, the island has no regular inhabitants, but a few shep-herds from the neighbouring My-

conus come over with their flocks from time to time to pasture and to reap the scanty harvest. To this island of Myconus have been carried for present storage all the objects of value or interest that have been discovered by the excavations of the French Archæo-logical School. Half-way up the slope of Cynthus stands the grotto, or to be more exact, the primitive temple of the Sun-God, probably the oldest place of worship in Greece. It is a cleft in the rock squared out into an oblong chamber, and roofed over with a pent-house of ten gigantic granite slabs, five on either side, the roof not ex-tending quite to the bottom of the cleft where a small spring rises, but sufficing to have covered the statue which doubt-less once stood here. In front of the cleft is a terrace, supported by a wall of Titanic masonry, and on the terrace is a round base which appears to have held a tripod and was presumably the seat of the oracle. Downward from this platform the way towards the sacred enclosure and the more sumptuous shrines of later days is also hewn out of the solid rock. Descending towards the theatre we passed considerable re-mains of what appears, from inscrip-tions on the spot, to have been a temple dedicated to the Egyptian Gods, Serapis, Isis, and Anubis. The *auditorium* of the theatre and the tiers of seats, though stripped of their marble covering, remain, as well as a peculiarity in construction in the form of wings adjacent to the orchestra for increasing accommodation; behind where the *scena* stood is what appears to be a reservoir or cistern. Great tufts of poppies ran down the banks to this deep cutting, overhanging the dark water, and up the tiers of the theatre they raced with the marigolds, almost hiding the whiteness of the stone and fretting the sky line of the hemicycle with their clusters of scarlet and gold. Before us lay a wilderness of ruin, the bases of what must have formed as grand a group of buildings as the world could show; fallen columns, broken cornices, masses of wrought and carven

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stone piled one upon the other in formless, hopeless confusion. For what thousands and hundreds of thousands of Turkish tombstones, what generations of houses on the neighbouring isles have not the broken shrines of Delos served as a quarry; and yet, though so much has gone for ever, such a wilderness of ruin still remains!

In the midst of all the havoc there is one little construction still remaining perfect, save for the statues which once decorated its ramp, a semicircular marble seat, known as the *exedra* of Soteles, just outside the greater *propylea*. It is just such a seat as Mr. Alma-Tadema has so often reconstructed for us, standing here just as he would place it by the blue sea; and one cannot but wonder how the shock which overthrew the great stone of Philip can have spared this fragile seat. Some fragments of the colossal statue of Apollo, dedicated by the Naxians, of which the foot is in the British Museum, still lie scattered about; a great number of inscriptions on pedestals and balustrades record the dedicators of statues that have long perished; the great temple of Apollo still admits of identification, the rest of little more than conjecture, save to the confident archaeologist. We left Delos regretfully; there

was still so much to explore, so much to dream over. The glory and the wonder of it must have been great at the zenith of the ancient worships; now it is a mere hilly waste of broken granite with a marvellous confusion of ruins, almost hidden under the flowers of forgetfulness and death.

From Delos our course should have lain to Antiparos, but the evening grew ominous and stormy, and upon our charts there was no indication of that Æolian island where the Father of the Winds has been said to imprison his unruly family in consideration for a favoured guest. So we were perforce compelled to abandon our explorations for the present, and run directly to the secure shelter of Nauplia. As the night closed in, dark fangs of rock seemed to stand up menacingly all round us from the gloomy sea, and few or no lights shone to indicate the dangerous headlands. But morning found us safely anchored under the Venetian battlements of Napoli di Romania; the plains of Argolis lay in an amphitheatre of mountain before us; and there for a while ended our cruise in classic waters.

RENNELL RODD.

ATHENS, 1889.



## THE YOUNG CAVOUR.

WE may know a writer of an alien country thoroughly, but the knowledge that people have of a foreign statesman is simply confined to his political acts. No one knows what he was before he became a power in the political world. The poet or novelist is subjective, he shows himself in his works and is not unwilling to let us know something of his early life and personal experiences; while in what the diplomatist writes there is no hint of his personality. The poet loves to reveal his thoughts and sentiments; the diplomatist studies to conceal his. In spite of this reticence we know our own statesmen—or we think we do; but a foreign statesman we do not know. If he be friendly to England we have a vague liking for him; if unfriendly, we have an equally vague prejudice against him, and would not be surprised to hear that he was a very bad man. Camillo Cavour is an example of this. As Minister of State he excited great interest; all eyes were fixed on him, either with admiration or dislike, during the years in which he guided the destinies of Italy. Much has been written about him in England, France, and Germany, since his death, nearly thirty years ago; but it all treats of his political career and covers only a period of little more than ten years—for Cavour entered parliament for the first time on the eve of the Battle of Novara, 1849, became a Cabinet Minister in the following year and died early in 1861. For nearly forty years of his life he was unknown to fame and had not even a seat in the Chamber. Cavour's character cannot be fairly estimated by his political acts, great and important as they were, for it was a character with many sides, and intense as was his devotion to his duties as minister before he became minister he had other interests be-

sides politics. He led a retired life devoted to agriculture and, in his own little country, was known only as a student of political economy and a philanthropist endeavouring to improve the conditions of the poorer classes, in politics a moderate Liberal. The world outside Piedmont knew little of him, and even now it knows him only as a great statesman whose highest ambition was crowned with brilliant success. In Italy, however, as is natural, his life is viewed in more just proportions. His character as a whole is not unknown to his own people, for his numerous friends, acquaintances, colleagues, have made public their personal experiences of him. Many volumes of his letters have been collected, and his family have lately yielded up private documents and letters to one of his many biographers.

It is proposed here to give a brief glance at the early life and character of this great man, who, notwithstanding his passionate patriotism, had a kindly place in his large and liberal heart for other nations, and felt a deep interest in the progress and welfare of mankind.

Camillo Cavour, who was born in 1810, was from infancy the centre of attraction and interest to a large family circle of unusually clever, cultivated people who lived on terms of great intimacy and affection. He was an attractive child, full of quaint, original sayings, affectionate and docile under gentle treatment, but passionate and desperately defiant if his childish dignity were offended. As a schoolboy in the military academy, which he entered when ten years old, he was brilliant, lively, strong, abounding in energy of every sort, occasionally mutinous, but always generous and forgiving. His affections were very

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warm, but there is not recorded of him any act of tyranny or animosity. He was put under arrest sometimes for disobedience and arrogant replies, but never for inattention to his studies, where he almost always excelled his companions. In his leisure hours he was fond of playing on the violin, and read Lingard's History of England for his amusement.

At fourteen, Camillo became a page to Prince Carlo Alberto, the future king, but he continued for two years more a pupil in the academy, and all his expenses were paid out of the royal purse. The Prince had a great friendship for the Marchese Cavour, and Conte d'Augers, the boy's uncle, and he thought thus to do them honour. Camillo did not so regard it; it seemed only a splendid servitude to him. He was a little democrat by nature, born by some strange chance into a world of ideas that belonged to a past generation. Personal devotion to the royal family as something half-divine was part of the creed of the old cavaliers of Piedmont, and in this he did not share. But the little Cavour was a gentleman born and bred; his manners were perfect, and he fulfilled his courtly duties with propriety. To the Prince he was always "That charming Camillo!"

At sixteen he left the academy and entered the Royal Engineers. His examinations, we are told, were *splendidissimi*, and he had the highest encomiums from the commandant for the help he had given his companions in the study of mathematics, in which he excelled. A bad illness—almost the only one of his life till the last—followed immediately on his emancipation from college, to the great concern of his family and friends; but the country, in happy ignorance of what a precious life was in danger, took no interest in the embryo statesman's condition. Restored to his usual robust health, Cavour assumed his military duties and began to go into society, a welcome guest in every house. The ordinary youth of that age will gener-

ally "take the goods the gods provide" and enjoy himself. But not so Cavour; even at sixteen his genius was quickening into life. He thought too much and too deeply to be quite happy, or continuously so. The spirit of the reformer was in him, which made him desire a complete change of the old system in Piedmont; and not less active was the spirit of nationality, swaying his young imagination and filling it with dreams of a free, united Italy. But he was no idle dreamer. He set himself to hard work not to let his talents rust, and his favourite studies were mathematics, mechanics, history, and social philosophy. Except from his brother he found little sympathy for his modern ideas in his own family, but his Swiss uncles were liberal and well informed. At eighteen he wrote thus to one of them, the Conte de Sellon, who was a well-known philanthropist in Geneva, with whom he used to discuss all kinds of social questions in his letters. "I believe the profound study of history to be most useful, and the study of languages highly beneficial. But I think for one who wishes to acquire a name and raise himself above mediocrity, it is not wise to attempt too many things or apply the faculties to too many subjects. The rays of the sun united in one point can burn even wood, while diffused here and there they make no effect." After speaking of dedicating his time to the positive sciences, he goes on to say: "But if I found myself in other circumstances, and if I believed that even in a distant day I might be employed in offices of government without betraying my principles, I would abandon the arid and fatiguing study of calculation, and dedicate myself with ardour to other species of work. I cannot, however, and must not, nourish illusions; and so, if I do not wish the faculties which God has given me to become unproductive or feeble, I must cultivate the exact sciences, which at least one may apply in all places and times."

Most people are anxious to know

the precise date and the circumstances of a reformer's choice of sides in the conflicts in which he is afterwards engaged. But real political convictions are of gradual growth and not sudden conversions. Cavour's love of liberty and independence of mind would naturally place him in a hostile attitude to a domineering priesthood even apart from their political influence, which was almost always on the side of absolutism. His hostility to clericalism, however, was more pronounced after an incident which occurred when, as an officer of the Engineers, he was superintending the building of fortifications on the frontier near Ventimiglia. A monk murdered a man to whom he had already done a great wrong, and then took refuge in his monastery out of which the civil power could not take him without permission from Rome. The police kept watch on the monastery and waited patiently for the order; but even then it seems that some slight informality in the proceedings obliged them to restore the criminal again to his sanctuary until all due etiquette had been observed in taking possession of a member of the privileged priesthood. Count Cavour records this incident in his private journal with indignant comments, and henceforth all clerical offences are carefully noted by him. On one occasion he writes: "The finger of Providence has marked them out for destruction."

With regard to religious ideas, Cavour,—who remained a nominal Catholic all his life, with that Italian dislike to cause a scandal or "disedify" the populace,—in his early youth, of which we are now treating, had ceased to believe in the Papal infallibility and probably in some other dogmas. "But we must keep up appearances," he said. His creed as expressed in a letter to his Protestant aunt was rather vague, but may be described broadly as Christian, and such it continued to be to the end. "You speak, my dearest aunt, of the Bible. As I have promised you, and

as reason dictates to me, I have read it and profoundly meditated on it for three years; I cannot tell you how much I have been struck by the divine morality of the Evangelists, which leaves at an infinite distance all that man could conceive. . . . My view of this subject is not yet absolutely fixed. I should desire nothing better than to be led by reason, *bien entendu*, to the most religious opinions. There is no obstinacy in my composition, and you will always find me ready to receive with attention your counsel and advice."

Few strangers who recollect Cavour only as the smiling, complaisant, self-confident minister, always hopeful, sometimes joyful, would imagine what hard mental struggles he had to sustain in his youth, and from what profound depression of spirits he sometimes suffered. There were moments when he wished for death, and if he had not regarded self-destruction as an immoral act he might have been tempted to commit it. There is no doubt that much of this suffering was caused unnecessarily by injudicious treatment on the part of his family. He had what Azeglio once called "a diabolical activity," and if he had the work he liked and was allowed to pursue his own course he was happy and amiable. If on the other hand he was subject to restraint and interference he was depressed, gloomy, and given to outbursts of temper. Unhappily he was a younger son, and consequently his liberty was curtailed even more than that of his brother. He was a man in mind, yet treated as a boy and subject to rebukes for trivial things, but chiefly for his liberal opinions. In fact his position towards his father at that time was very like that of Macaulay when he first went out into the world and shook off the restraints of the early Evangelicals, who regarded the reading of novels as a sin. But the religious and political differences between Cavour and his older relations were more pronounced. We cannot better illustrate his proud

spirit, his sense of justice, his conception of friendship, and the bitter struggle between the new ideas and the old, than by quoting a letter to his brother Gustavo, written when our hero was about twenty-three. We make no excuse for its length, it being so interesting, but rather offer an apology for the translation which is so poor a rendering of Camillo's vigorous style.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter has much surprised me. I cannot conceive how they attribute so much importance to such a little thing. Because in a letter written in a hurry I forgot the usual formulas which have no significance since they are the same for all, they accuse me of suffocating natural feeling in philosophic pride; and they preach to me a false sensibility injurious to the heart and the mind! In the first heat of the moment I wrote a vehement letter to my uncle Franchino, but a more cool reflection made me burn it. I cannot, however, and I will not remain altogether silent, but in a calm and moderate tone I address you, so that you may show this to Franchino and to the others if you think well. It will serve as a reply to another accusation, which is equally far from the truth as that of having laboured to harden my heart. The rebuke for omitting a phrase is only a pretext, and I know well that they mean to allude to my liberal opinions, which I have never wished to conceal.

I was silent when my father in an access of rage threatened to let me perish of want in America, and when he said I would kill him with grief. His state was known to me, and I considered it a duty not to aggravate it by imprudent replies. But when my mother and an uncle that loves me, address such reproaches to me, some great cause of complaint must have excited them against me. Even in the academy they told me that I was the cause of my mother's illness by my foolishness, and by my aversion to humiliate myself in order to put an end to my punishment. Even now I do not think I was so much to blame, or that a quick temper (*vivacità*) is an indication of a bad heart. The excuses which they wished for, I made too often; they were the heaviest trials to me and most repugnant, because they lowered me in my own eyes and those of the persons to whom they were addressed, because they proved nothing but a vile fear of punishment. I

have always seen the superiors despise the youths who, abjuring all sense of dignity, dragged themselves in the mud to obtain a pardon, the price of an act disgusting to any spirit not yet contaminated by society.

I had in the academy a friend in whom I found a soul ardent and noble, who when he went home suffered so much from the annoyance of his family that he was reduced almost to death's door. He confided everything to me, he loved me deeply, and he begged me to abandon him in order that I should not be suspected. Was it necessary, even at the age of sixteen, to sacrifice the most tender affections to a mean interest or ambition? Was it necessary to make me contemptible in my own eyes and in the eyes of those who had esteemed me? I weakly yielded half of the demand; but that state of things could not last. At the end of a year I asked pardon of my friend, and I have atoned and will atone for the wrong I did him. And this is a proper occasion to make my profession of faith with regard to him. Cassio is my friend, and shall be always while I live until all sense of honour is extinguished in me. Nothing shall induce me to commit another act of baseness and leave him. If others believe this sentiment contrary to nature I shall be deeply grieved, but nothing can make me change. Roger Collard has triumphantly shown that there can be no right against other right. In the same way I say there is no affection incompatible with other affection. And however deep my feelings towards my own family they cannot destroy the ties of friendship, which are as sacred as those of blood. My opinions have been made the occasion of bitter reproaches. I have been told that I have degenerated from my ancestors, that I am a traitor to my country and my caste. But heaven is my witness that I would rather finish my days in prison than commit a reprehensible act unworthy of my name or of the dignity of a freeborn man—a dignity that stands above all; that I would die a thousand times for my country or the good of mankind if I believed it really useful so to do. Is it my fault if I see things differently from them? Am I master of my convictions? But it is as impossible for me to admit the greater part of their doctrines as it is to believe that two and two make five.

If a mad ambition, a cruel hatred, or vile passions had led me into a false path, then indeed I should have been unworthy of my ancestors, and no words would have been

too severe for such conduct. Certainly all worldly advantages invite me to fight under the banner of absolutism. But an innate sentiment of moral dignity which I have always preserved with care, has repelled me from the road in which the first condition of success was to disown my private convictions. The older I grow, the more I observe the course of things, the more am I persuaded that I am not mistaken. But time only can prove the justice of my opinions and their solidity. . . .

If I have taken this thing up hotly, it is because I fear the evil effect of sentimentalism for a spirit that reasons. From it is born those false vibrations which put the whole instrument out of tune and end by rendering it incapable of giving any sound. Apathy frightens me, especially in my position. Your career is established and you know how to meet your future. . . . If I allowed myself to fall into an apathy the least false step might ruin me for life; energy of spirit is indispensable to me. I must struggle then with all my force against anything that might give a false bend to the spring of my character.

They complain that you do not show my letters. If you were only my brother the reproach might have some foundation. But you are to me much more than a brother; you are a friend from whom I conceal nothing, and that my parents know very well. All I confide to you is for you alone, and no person must seek to penetrate into our private correspondence for that would destroy all its charm.

To account for the bitterness of this letter it is necessary to explain that Camillo while still in the army had been subject to police supervision, and had suffered from insulting insinuations from the old court party. In fact it required all the Marquis Cavour's influence to save him from imprisonment as a suspect. It should be needless to say that the accusations were unjust. "I am liberal—very liberal. I desire a complete change of the system,"—was the language of a reformer not of a revolutionist or conspirator. Cavour had kept aloof from the party of violent action, not only for his oath's sake, but because he did not hold their views. His moral code was fairly Christian, while theirs was frankly and entirely pagan. Their

ideal patriot was Brutus, with his dagger dyed in the blood of Caesar; and Camillo Cavour, even as a boy, never thirsted for the blood of a tyrant, as his more conservative rival, Azeglio, confessed to having done in his teens.

After his patron, Carlo Alberto, ascended the throne, Camillo, so soon as he decently could, asked permission to resign his commission in the army, and was happy to be liberated from a position he had never enjoyed. He was now twenty-three years old, and his bent was undoubtedly towards political life, but finding no opening in that line, he joyfully accepted his father's offer to take the management of a large estate on which the family did not live, and which was consequently neglected. For eleven years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits with the intense energy of his nature, and, while still continuing his favourite studies, he worked so incessantly that he was able to give personal supervision to all the new work of mills, canals, drainage, &c., which he introduced on the property. His land became a model estate and yielded a large increase of profit to the owner, while the condition of the tenantry was proportionately improved. "What happiness," he wrote in his journal, "to live among these people, working with them and for them, and winning their affections!"

To extend to the country generally the beneficial effects of his reforms the popular young landlord founded an agrarian association, which had four thousand members, mostly but not all landowners, and a journal full of useful information. On the family estate of Leri Camillo lived as contentedly as it was possible for him to live while his country was in such an unhappy condition. He kept aloof from politics, but he wrote and spoke on various social questions, such as education, the reform of prison discipline, pauperism, state-charity, &c. And when he visited foreign countries, England especially, he studied these



subjects carefully, and collected all the best works on political economy. Education was a favourite subject of his. He disliked the old Piedmontese system, a cross between militarism and monasticism, from which he had suffered, and he often disputed with his brother over the training of his little nephews whom he loved dearly. His faith in liberty and the virtues it fosters was so large that he believed in a judicious application of it to children. He thought the dignity of man ought to be respected to a certain extent even in childhood.

The young Cavour was good-looking, of middle height and strong build; there was intellect in the broad and lofty forehead, determination in the square chin; his nose and mouth were well cut, his gray eyes keen and penetrating, but short-sighted, which obliged him to wear spectacles. His manners were attractive, and though his moods were variable, his conversation was always interesting and instructive. The vein of ironical humour which runs through his sayings and letters has given an impression of cynicism which we think unmerited. Though he tolerated and made use of men he despised, that did not destroy his faith in humanity. He believed in the progress of the race; and his kindly benevolent feelings ever found expression in practical deeds, of which many examples could be quoted. Notwithstanding little family quarrels in early youth before he had learned to control his temper, he was a devoted and exemplary son. He showed also great tenderness to all his female relations, and as he had no sister he bestowed a brother's affection on Gustavo's wife whose early death caused him deep grief, while as an uncle he was only equalled by Macaulay. He was a faithful and constant friend, as we have seen, and he had innumerable friends from youth onwards who were strongly attached to him. He hated the appearance of sentimentalism, and those who knew him best say he put on a brusque or

ironical tone as an armour to shield a tender heart; but it would appear that this protective weapon—like Mr. Balfour's famous battering-ram—sometimes became slightly aggressive in its operations and wounded unintentionally. Hence the Count had some remorseful moments, and there are many letters in which he asks his friends to forgive his brusqueness or irritability when he was overworked and nervous. A passage from the journal in which the young Count recorded all his thoughts and feelings, helps to show that he struggled not only to conceal all soft emotions, but to extinguish them, lest possibly they might weaken his will and lead him into a false path.

When I have passed some hours alone, I feel ready for the greatest things. Who knows if I lead for some time a life of solitude, calm, silent, in converse with Nature, that my sensibility which has been almost suffocated in the inward struggle my soul has sustained since earliest youth to keep it from becoming vitiated—who knows that such a life might not raise me by degrees to become again accessible to the sweet emotions I was born to feel? But my heart is embittered and hardened by these constant battles, and this happiness is not for me. The good effect of a few days' solitude will be destroyed by the atmosphere of the world, in which my life is at constant variance with many persons who ought to be dear to me.

This was written in one of his melancholy moods, when he was quarrelling with his family; even his brother with whom he was in sympathy on most subjects, had taken offence at Camillo's strongly-expressed disapproval of his mode of rearing the children.

And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.

But happily these troubles became less frequent after he settled at Leri and found himself in an independent position. The hard work, and the simple life in communion with nature and the poor country people whom he

laboured to educate and civilise, had a salutary effect on his fiery spirit. And his family affection never diminished with years. When his young nephew was killed in battle, a friend came to offer what consolation he could, and found Cavour lying on the floor of his chamber sobbing like a heart-broken child and refusing to be comforted.

It is not to be credited that so warm a heart, however well guarded from all assaults, could have passed the critical period from twenty to thirty quite scathless. Camillo was too clever and too keen to be taken in by the wily arts of the coquette, but he was not insensible to the attractions of a sweet and lovely woman, whose grace, refinement, and cultivated mind won his admiration almost at the first meeting. Intense sympathy drew them together, and before they were aware of it they had become deeply attached to each other. They separated with the sad feeling that they should never meet again, for unhappily there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union; the young lady's hand had already been disposed of by her father, after the manner of Italian marriages of that day. They seemed made for each other, but they met too late. Cavour was only twenty and the girl probably about the same age. He heard nothing of her for three years, except that she lived in Milan and was a constant sufferer from bad health. Once he wrote to express his sympathy and received a brief reply to thank him, but that was all. He preserved a tender remembrance of her, and a feeling of regret that fate had divided them; but his love had subsided into friendship, nor did he dream that the unhappy girl's health had been ruined by her devoted attachment to him. But it was so. After three years' absence she returned to Turin, and it only needed the sight of her sad beautiful face with its traces of suffering to re-kindle Camillo's almost extinct love. After two or three painful interviews they parted once more, the fair unknown going to the baths with

her parents, who probably wished to remove their daughter from the dangerous vicinity of the young Count. Then began the correspondence which lasted for years. They sometimes wrote twice a day to each other; her letters were preserved and numbered by Cavour, but her name, even her Christian name, carefully erased. He calls his lady *L'Inconnue* in his diary, where he relates the whole story of his unhappy love in the most passionate and touching language. Cavour's letters are lost, but from those of the unknown we can gather an idea of their contents. Hers are very beautifully written, and express the intense, all-absorbing hopeless love which had prostrated her strength for years and was slowly sapping her life. It is impossible to convey in a few words the painful impression left on the reader's mind by the perusal of these heart-broken letters. At one time her parents thought her mind was giving way, and threatened to put her under some restraint. Cavour, who hated and cursed himself for being the cause of so much misery to this "heavenly woman," moved as much by pity for her position in her family as by his own feelings, was tempted to ask her to fly with him to a foreign country. Happily he put away the mad thought before communicating it to her; and then he writes in his diary: "Oh, my God, let the bitter cup pass from this angel, and I will be content to drain it to the dregs!"

After a while the correspondence became calmer; the letters continued to be affectionate in tone, but they discoursed of politics, literature, and sometimes exchanged ideas on religious subjects. *L'Inconnue* had been a violent Republican, but Cavour converted her to more moderate views. "My soul is but a reflection of thine," she wrote *à propos* of her change of opinions. After a space of time she ceased to write to her friend at all, and, retiring to a solitary country home away from all society, led the life of a hermit-saint devoted to the

poor. "You will have no trouble," she wrote in an earlier stage of their correspondence, "to make me find in religion the only comfort for the inevitable ills of our condition. I have always felt in my heart that our whole destinies are not accomplished here. Belief in a future state is part of my very being."

When she felt her end at hand, she wrote a pathetic farewell to the man whom she had so loved, who seemed to her a "celestial intelligence," and for whom her life was sacrificed, for she died literally of a broken heart. In that last sad letter she told Camillo that he had never fully comprehended her love; how could he, when no human language could explain it? "When you read these lines an insurmountable barrier will have been raised between us. I shall have been initiated in the grand secrets of the tomb; and perhaps—I tremble at the thought—I may then have forgotten you."

And Cavour?

—Oh, never yet beneath  
The breast of man such trusty love may  
breathe.

It is only woman who is capable of such insensate constancy. Cavour was far from insensible or unresponsive to the affection which this young, fair, and gifted creature bestowed upon him. He loved her in return, and he—usually so full of self-esteem—in his relations to her felt humble, and said sincerely, "I am unworthy of such love." His bosom sometimes was a volcano of love, pity, and grief. But when this passion had been subdued and reason and duty asserted themselves, he could crush down his feelings as he had long taught himself to do, and train himself to regard the fair unknown as a friend, a "sweet child"

whose intellectual progress he was bound to guide. Cavour had other interests in life besides his love, if he had not he would have been contemptible; but his were great and absorbing interests, such as a wife would not have been jealous of if she were worthy of him, but which without the close tie of marriage, naturally weaned him from his youthful passion. Yet the death of the unknown wrung his heart, and continued to be a life-long regret and remorse to him. He carefully numbered and preserved the letters, and on the back of the last is written in the hand of the great statesman, evidently intended for his only confidant, his brother: "If you still doubt, read this letter. You will return it to me afterwards, for it is perhaps the last souvenir that will remain to me of her to whom I have caused so much suffering, and who never has addressed the slightest reproach to me."

Cavour was still under thirty when he made up his mind never to marry, because with his "unequal temper he feared he could not make a woman happy." And so he dedicated himself with undivided devotion to the service of his country. Italy reigned without a rival in his heart, for, as Victor Emmanuel truly said, *La patria era la sua sposa*.

We take our leave of Cavour before he established his journal *Il Risorgimento*, on the eve of great events in which he was to play such a brilliant and thrilling part, for which he had trained himself by hard work, profound study, and firm self-repression, without which he could never have attained the object of his noble ambition.

G. S. GODKIN.

## CONFLICTS OF EXPERIENCE.

PERSONS who accept Lord John Russell's definition of a proverb must sometimes be puzzled to find that one and the same community is in the habit of using adages which are diametrically opposed to one another. If it were true that a proverb is the wisdom of the many and the wit of one, we should surely be justified in expecting all accepted proverbs to resemble laws of nature or formulas of mathematics. But we see that this is far from being the case; and no sooner do we think that we have obtained an irrefragable maxim from the crystallization of experience than another, equally authoritative, confronts us with an absolutely opposite direction.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a traditional rule that must have been quoted many millions of times by persons disposed to economy. Its principle is reinforced in the proverbial philosophy of other nations besides our own. "Little streams make large rivers," say the French, and the Scots match them with "Many a little makes a mickle." English domestic economists declare that "A pin a day is a groat a year," though it may be doubted whether there was ever a community in which fourpence *per annum* was held a commensurate return for the trouble of stooping to the daily pin. Yet, after we have digested all this mass of concurrent testimony, it is not a little baffling to be checked in our decision by an equally respectable body of evidence which tells us that we must not be "Penny wise and pound foolish." For if a careful husbandry of copper in the integer leads to an idiotic treat-

ment of two hundred and forty pence in the aggregate, where is the wisdom of leaving the pounds to take care of themselves?

"More haste less speed" is one of our English expressions of caution as to the dangers of precipitation. The Hindu has put the same thought in various shapes, after his concrete manner; one of these is, "He took off his shoes before he came to the ford." "He who goes slow has long to go (*Chi va piano va lontano*)," says the melodious Italian; and neither in India nor in Italy does there appear to be much danger from superfluous energy. But our forefathers seem to have been aware of the opposite risk, and to have provided a number of countervailing maxims. Such, for example, are "Take time by the forelock," "Delays are dangerous," "Time and tide for no man bide."

Nowhere is this contradictory tendency more seen than in those sayings which partake of the nature of aphorisms. Aphorisms, if we may trust to etymology, are the marking off or delimitation of experience from the confused reasonings of careless minds. "Use is second nature" has been often cited as an excuse for persons who are opposed to change. Yet many opposite sayings remind us that men love novelty and will welcome "anything for a change."

In Archbishop Whately's edition of Bacon's essays is collected an abundance of saws that the philosophic chancellor had put together under the title of *Antitheta*. Ranged in parallel columns we find these conflicting maxims at the foot of the more important papers. Thus, on the subject

last mentioned, the following are amongst the *Antitheta* appended to the Essay of Innovations.

Time is the great innovator; why then do we not imitate time?

What innovator imitates time, who so insinuates his innovations that they escape notice?

Here the reformer says plainly that we should imitate time who is the great reformer; while the conservative answers that no reformer can do so, for the reason that time's reforms are imperceptible. A singular commentary on which is given in the essay itself to which these texts are appended. "For otherwise," says Bacon, "if men do not follow the gentle example of time's innovations, whatsoever is new is unlooked for, and ever it mends some and impairs others; and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune and thanks the time; and he that is hurt for a wrong and imputeth it to the author." We are reminded that Bacon stood at the parting of the ways, when the Tudor monarchy had done its work and was perishing in the feeble hands of the first Stuart.

It is unknown from what source Bacon derived the greater portion of these maxims. But, in the authentic deliverances of the philosophers and poets one meets with similar conflicts. A French writer has said that he is able to reconcile two of such utterances: namely, the saying of Tacitus, "The unknown always passes for the marvellous (*Omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*)"; and that of Ovid, "No one cares about the unknown (*Ignoti nulla cupido*)"; and evidently there is a sense in which both are true. A due synthesis of such apparently opposite maxims will result, not in a mutual cancelment but, in a composite principle. For men may not desire the unknown yet may admire it when it comes under their observation, when it ceases to be unknown. But there are more startling contradictions to be found in the recorded experience

of very great men. When Juvenal conceived his magnificent defiance of Fortune he was so pleased with it that he used it twice, each time in the same words. The most familiar and appropriate use is, no doubt, in the grand passage which concludes the tenth satire on the vanity of our wishes. The passage has been translated by Dryden and imitated by Johnson, but neither of those masculine and skilful writers has done justice to Juvenal's meaning. And, what is still more unfortunate, the text itself is unsettled. According to one reading the satirist meant to say: "If one has wisdom one has every deity on one's side." According to the other he says to Fortune: "Thou hast no authority where wisdom is," i.e., it is only the fool who wants luck to befriend him. Great as the difference is, the two readings agree in this, that prudence is worth more than luck; and this is, manifestly, a salutary principle. The difficulty is to reconcile it with such a saying as "Fortune favours the brave," or with the still more audacious law of Bonaparte, "Providence is on the side of the big battalions." One tells us that strength is the criterion and cause of success, the other puts it in wisdom. We think of Horace and his "Mere brute force perishes by its own strength (*Vis concili expers mole ruit sua*). Athens of old drove in ignominious flight the mighty hosts of Xerxes. Clive at Plassy and elsewhere puffed away the big battalions of Asia with a handful of men formed by European discipline. Wellington, with a force of thirty thousand British troops, pushed the hosts of Napoleon's own marshals out of the Peninsula and across the Pyrenees. Here, also, there may be a synthesis such as was supposed in the last case, but it is far from obvious.

Even more irreconcilable appears the conflict if we understand Juvenal's saying in a still deeper sense. Suppose that he meant more than either of the above interpretations, and that



his view implied not merely that the wise man had no luck because he had no need for it, but that the weak and foolish had chances without which they could not prosper, or even exist? There is no doubt a specious reasonableness about such a proposition; and it is more than ever opposed to the counter-maxims.

No one has contributed more to the aphoristic treasures of his country than Shakespeare. In at least one instance he has supplied a saying upon what, though noticed elsewhere, had never received due notice in English. The saying occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, where we are told that "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This goes to the very foundation of human sympathy as described by Aristotle; showing that it is only those who have suffered who can really feel for the suffering of others. Our countrymen, as a race, have not been of sufficiently tender mood to trouble themselves over this question enough to make it into a proverb; it was left for gentle Shakespeare to find them a household word on sympathy and its true source. They have been mostly content with sayings that have strengthened their natural hardness; such as, "Keep your breath to cool your own porridge," or (in the most modern form), "Paddle your own canoe." The Hindus, however, have a couplet, as pertinent if not as poetical as the line from *Romeo*, which may be thus rendered:

Whose heels have never cracked in sun-baked fields,  
How can he know what pain my heel-crack yields?

This is almost an equivalent of the truth conveyed in Dido's words: "We must suffer before we can learn to sympathize with suffering (*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*)."

There are few proverbs of more wide acceptance than the maxim *Esse quam videri*, showing us the vanity of imposture, but teaching a more subtle lesson still. To be what you seem would indeed be but a poor expedient

if what you seem is bad; and it would almost be better, like Johnson, to have nothing of the bear but the skin. An old gentleman, of more wit than manners, is reported to have given a happy turn to the adage. In rebuking the self-assertion of a young Mr. Carr who was boasting of his sincerity, our friend blustered out the following impromptu:

Be what you seem's a good old rule,  
You bear it out, my Carr!  
You look a most infernal fool,  
And so, by G—, you are.

Thus, too, we are bidden to admire him whose "bark is worse than his bite," and so forth. Perhaps the deepest, kindest, thing on this topic is a remark which was quoted from Fénelon in Diderot's *Hor. Subsc.* 2, 129: "Simplicity is the rectitude of a soul which refuses all return to itself and its doings. Many persons are sincere without being simple. They do not want to pass for more than they are, but fear to pass for what they are not. The real simplicity is to have lost the 'I' which causes so much jealousy." Whether this absolute simplicity of the soul that "refuses all return upon itself" is a grace or a weakness may well be discussed. In any case there must always be good men and women who find it easy not to pass for what they are not, but not easy to renounce the fear of being taken for what they are not.

Among Shakespeare's aphorisms another well-known line reminds us that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." This was a king's opinion, while among the oracles of the people were such sayings as "Happy as a King," and the like, showing admiration and envy of royal privileges. Yet we need not go back to Shakespeare's kings for evidence of the peculiar sorrows and cares of regal state. The death of Charles the First, the overthrow of his son James, the fate of several czars of Russia, the miseries of Louis the Sixteenth and his consort, and the tremendous vicissitudes of our current



century, and even of its most recent years, are full of matter to justify the poet. If we look back only to the life-time of persons still young, we cannot but be struck by the tragedies in which heads have fallen which seemed held high above the common chances of humanity. In 1868 the writer of these sentences saw the imperial family of France in the saloons of the Tuileries; the Emperor with his cold blue eyes and face of inexpressive reserve, the Empress beautiful and splendid, leading her boy by the hand. In a few years the Emperor had been defeated, deposed, and had died by a cruel death in a strange land; the Empress, bowed beneath the weight of an untimely age, was mourning in exile for her husband and for the brave lad slain in a foreign quarrel. Think of the sufferings of Maximilian in Mexico, the cares of the Czar Alexander the Second—each ending in a bloody and public death; the mysterious scene on the shores of the Bavarian lake; the assassination of two American Presidents; the protracted agony of the late Emperor Frederick; the sorrows of the House of Hapsburg ending—for the present—in the unrevealed horror of the shooting-box at Meyerling!

Do those who have passed through such furnaces of affliction look back on their brighter days with pain? Dante says so, in the memorable lines attributed to Francesca di Rimini which our own poet has adopted, in *Locksley Hall*:

This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Is it so indeed? Or are those right who say with Horace:

Cras vel atra  
Nube polum pater occupato  
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum  
Quodcumque retro est efficit!

Dryden's masculine paraphrase will be remembered:

Not heaven itself over the past has power,  
For what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

This conflicting doctrine—that the memory of past joy is a possession and not a pain—has been maintained by Alfred de Musset, a man whose pleasures and pains had been of a less dignified kind than Dante's, but to whom nevertheless joy and sorrow had been equally known. De Musset does not content himself with a mere counterstatement; he challenges Dante in plain words and with a personal appeal.

Why saidst thou, Dante, that 'tis grief's  
worst sting  
To tell, in sorrow, of past happiness?  
What spasm from thee that bitter cry could  
wring,  
That insult to distress?  
Is then the light less certain or less glad,  
And—when night falls—forgotten in the  
gloom  
Is it from thee, Spirit sublimely sad!  
From thee, we have such doom?  
No! by the splendour of yon rising moon,  
Not from thy heart a blasphemy so void:  
A happy memory is a truer boon  
For life, than bliss enjoyed.

And to Francesca—angel of thy glory—  
Thou couldst assign a sentence such as  
this,  
She who broke off, to tell her tragic story,  
From an eternal kiss.

For me, I only say, Here, for an hour,  
A day, I loved, was loved, and she was  
fair;  
Close to my heart I press the faded flower,  
And Death shall find it there.

These stanzas, from the poem written on his rupture with George Sand, show that de Musset regarded past joy quite otherwise than did Dante. He treasured it as a possession, while the older and graver author lamented it as a loss. It cannot be even said that the words *nella miseria* are left out, as in Lord Tennyson's reference. The English poet has undoubtedly weakened the thought; it is not the memory of past joy alone, but its memory in the midst of present suffering, that, according to the great Florentine, makes the woe. But de Musset is earnest and sincere where Lord Tennyson is but an artist. He expressly includes the Dantean con-

dition, wanting which indeed the plaint is little but a phrase, a commonplace "of little meaning though the words be strong." The difference between the modern Frenchman and the medieval Italian is a deliberate opposition of temperament.

In this fluctuating world all that men can do will barely avail to establish for them a compromise with the unheeding forces about them which, for want of a better word, they are wont to term nature. Hence they learn to encourage and organize a counteracting force for their own use and protection; and the social army fortifies itself with proverbs. They are not infallible weapons; when one breaks the combatants have to betake themselves to another. As the witty and sagacious Whately has pointed out, a proverb will usually be merely a compendious expression of some principle, true or false, applicable

or non-applicable, as the case may be in which it is employed. "When, then, a proverb is introduced," says the archbishop, "the speaker employs it as a major premise, and is understood to imply, as a minor, that the principle thus referred to is applicable in the existing case."

It is much the same with the great writers whose conclusions pass into the rank of our household words. When a poet, in his criticism of life, appears to have generalized his wide and kindly observation into a rule of conduct, he must not be regarded as upon his oath. He only means to say that, in given conditions, certain results may be expected to follow. He is a prophet of contingent predictions. Or, we may say, he is a wise judge fully conscious of the fallacy of inapplicable precedents.

H. G. KEENE.

## POETS AND PURITANS.

HOWEVER history may change its countenance the one problem which is the heart of it remains everlastingly the same. Through all thought and action, all civilization and life in every age, there beats the sombre monotone of one question—What does it mean? Human destiny is a problem that never ends, and according as men have answered the question, so have men lived. They have danced to it; they have groaned and perished under it. Nations and races have felt its burden, and they have risen to its inspiration. They have made life beautiful with the radiance of Greece or strong with the strength of Rome, ponderous as Egypt, proud as Israel, dark with the ugliness of Islam or of Scotland, according as the eternal tone sounded in their ears. And so, too, individuals make believe to fill the brief hour with light and song, and try to forget that they were born and have to die. Or they turn away from the music and the mirth, and wrestling drearily with the destiny of death and hereafter meanwhile forget that they might live. Or with Shakespeare's eye and Shakespeare's calm they have known both the beauty and the darkness, have seen the frolic and felt its pathos, and having done their worldly task and finished joy and moan have gone home to quiet consummation. But from the book of Job to *In Memoriam* humanity is still only a rock round which surge the waters of the infinite, and its clearest light is hung about thick and dark with the shadow of destiny.

The true significance of the problem is not as it questions the darkness but as it relates to the light. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Death reveals no secrets, but life puts us riddles which

we must solve or perish. Even religion in all its forms bears out the justice of this view of the problem. For these forms, though they are distinguished according to the various messages they profess to bring from the unknown, yet depend for their most sustaining power upon the directions they have to deliver concerning the known. The pith and marrow of a religion consist in its ethics not in its theology. Religion itself, not ignoring this, appeals to man's concern in the finite, and only interprets his destiny by projecting that finite into the infinite. So that for an individual the true reading of the problem is not, "What shall become of me when I am dead?" but, "What does this life mean to me?" It is possible for a man to deny the supernatural and live. And even where he finds the power of a new and stronger life accruing to him from a belief in the supernatural, he still must begin with the facts around him and translate his divine faith to meet the elementary issues of human affairs. These two sides together form the medal of life, a medal on whose obverse may be traced sprigs of flowers, implements of toil, and weapons of battle, and at the foot a skull and bones, but on the reverse there is written a hieroglyphic which no eye has read.

Perhaps nowhere else in the history of a nation do we find these two sides so absolutely and irreconcilably dis-severed as in the antagonism of parties which reft asunder English life in the early part and middle of the seventeenth century,—the one party lightly smiling on the flower-sprigs and the battle-gear, the other too darkly pondering the hieroglyphic. Cavalier and Puritan may be taken as in a sense repre-

senting the comedy and the tragedy of life, its finite and its infinite, its natural and its supernatural. Their opposition presents only a partial phase of the profounder problem. Their violent division contains little of philosophy in it, but however partial and however exaggerated both sides were, they embody a historical solution under which a philosophy may be found to lie. To Chillingworth's quaint and pathetic humour, the struggle was only between publicans and sinners on the one side, and scribes and pharisees on the other. Milton, again, while he had still the alternative before him of espousing either side, presented the choice as it appeared to him in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. But Milton, moving in his seclusion at Horton between the sunshine of Euphrosyne and the secret shades of woody Ida's inmost grove, was as far from realizing the mirth of the Cavalier as he was from being darkened by the moroseness of the Puritan, and was incapacitated by his idealism from furnishing a true picture of either of the fragmentary sections into which English life was split. His deeper-toned picture has in it as much of Ariel as the lighter one has of Puck. The *Penseroso* from the temper of his mind might have been a Greek, and have written choruses to the *Prometheus*. The light-hearted *Allegro*, poet though he is, could never have joined hands with the author of the *Ballad on a Wedding*. Milton has clarified the contrast of all its less refined though more realistic elements, has idealized both sides, and has translated the merry sinner and the sad pharisee into the universal tongue. If we regard the contrasted pictures through the refracting glass of Milton's "visionary rhyme," we lose sight of the veritable features of which *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are an unhistorical reflex. We must read Chillingworth's epigram into Milton's poem, and see pharisee and sinner as they were.

From their earliest emergence as Nonconformists of the Reformation

epoch, or to speak with greater historical accuracy (since they did partially conform), from their first appearance as the ultra-Protestants of the Tudor period, the Puritans held up an ideal of life which even at its best represented only one side of the truth and one which embodied elements essentially false in themselves. Their restless and fermenting zeal exerted itself as a continual protest against the gracious worldliness of the Renaissance, and when that zeal became more and more active and Puritan influence effectively powerful, as happened before the close of the sixteenth century, there awoke a reactive movement among the representatives of the Renaissance ideal. It hardly touched men like Sidney and Shakespeare, but it succeeded in introducing into English life and thought a rupture which grew ever wider. The humanists drew away from the zealots as Erasmus had drawn away from Luther. The more serious element became shy of contact with all this gracious worldliness and left dramatists and poets to address themselves to a changed audience. Now this Puritan antagonism did not proceed originally from a loathing of the stage; it sprang from a religious ground. It was an objection founded on religious principle, and Shakespeare was tabooed and anathematized as heartily as ever Dryden or Congreve. The result was that long before Puritanism had assumed the supremacy, it had driven poetry and the drama into open protest. When the Puritans came to usurp seriousness to themselves as their own special quality, and were now presenting seriousness in a light which was never prepossessing and was frequently odious, those who deemed that this world was worth living in, as well as dying in, revolted from such a travesty, and were impelled to lay an exaggerated emphasis on the other side of life.

This emphasis of revolt finds expression in the view of life upheld by the Cavalier poets. With these

life was in the main a matter of love among the roses.

Out upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together.

The Cavalier's joyous temperament sought only the light of ladies' eyes, the sparkle of the wine-bowl, and a song that had the ring of Rupert's march in it,

Carabine slung, stirrup well hung,  
Flagon at saddlebow merrily swung.

It was enough for him if Julia smiled, and the hours slipped to the passing of the toast and a chorus of "Begone, Dull Care." Robert Herrick, last of the Elizabethans, sat in his vicarage in Devon and lisped hedonistic songs like a bibulous oriental deity. Suckling, concerned as he was in laying siege to the Lady Froths of court with that "brisk impudence" of which he was the first professional master, would scarcely trouble to write down the verses that make his name remembered. Lovelace, "the handsomest man in his generation," with his "incomparably graceful" manners, chirruped on every tree while the summer lasted, and when the winter came, having squandered a fortune, died of starvation in a cellar. Carew, the first and according to some the best of the group, devoted his fine talent almost entirely to praise of the rosy lip and the rosy glass, and wrote of love's raptures with an exuberance that makes one of his best poems unfit to be quoted. The Cavalier was not awarey to be rid of this world. He saw it, and to him it was all very good. He could record his emotions because he did not suspect them. He could hold up the mirror to natural beauty, because he did not mistrust its significance. Parson Herrick's song *To the Virgins* furnishes the key to the Cavalier's view of life and reveals the secret of the Cavalier's art; but the face of a Puritan like Cheynell (that member of the Westminster Assembly who at Chillingworth's burial cursed the dead body over the open grave)

would have turned green with disgust could he have heard a Christian divine trilling

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying.

This is the Cavalier's protest against the incomplete, gaunt, and deformed ideal of the Puritan.

Where the rose reigns and locks with ointment shine,  
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

We observe its limitation, its want and waste, its frivolity and insipidity, its elevation of coquetry and flirting into man's chief end, its regardlessness of exalted motive except when the war-note sounds, and then a thrill of bravery leaps into words eloquent of the ideal soldier:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

It is possible that too much as well as too little may be made of the good things of life. If the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them were to the Puritan the allurements of Satan, the Cavalier was only too ready to build up therein a heaven of his own. Neither saw the full meaning of the vision of life. The Puritan recoiled from its glory and its bounty as from something that imperilled his eternal welfare; the Cavalier with his limitations was unfit to realize its deeper purposes. If the Puritan wanted sunshine, the Cavalier wanted shadow. If the Cavalier lived too much like the butterfly, the Puritan lived too much like the worm. With their limited range the Cavaliers had never looked seriously upon death; they felt none of the tragedy of life, but lived on in the sunbeam of royal favour or under the smiles of their mistresses like a cluster of beautiful, musical, merry insects.

We are not to quarrel with the old Puritan or the new because he deems that life has more serious concerns than gathering rosebuds. It is no very strong creed to carry one through life

and face the destinies with. But the antagonism which Puritanic narrowness provoked did not rest with the light laugh of the Cavalier. It deepened. The sensuous tenderness and touching grace of some of the Cavalier poets, while representing an inadequate view of life, were only dwelling on human needs with an easy emphasis which Puritanism was rendering necessary by its denial of them. But when the Puritans deepened the emphasis on their side and sought to enforce their crude conception of seriousness with the fetters of a social despotism, they drove seriousness out of the minds of their opponents. A divorce was introduced into the harmony of existence and the soul's life held up as distinct from and opposed to that of the body. Contempt was thrown upon the world and the flesh, and things beautiful were regarded either with callousness or with hatred. Life was sought to be made entirely spiritual, and the spiritual life was clothed in such a grotesque garb that poetry was forced from spiritual things into a more intimate alliance with the other side of life. A soul was held to be identical with Puritanism and was thought to be a discreditable possession. When the Puritanism, therefore, broke down, what usurped its place was this other side of the truth driven to an opposite extreme, distorted, and converted into what was as truly a caricature of mirth as the Puritan ideal was a caricature of solemnity. The nation had had enough and to spare of seriousness and now it plunged into riot and revelry. When the drama was once more free to make way, it spoke through such organs as Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Behn, and rather plumed itself than otherwise upon its identity with mere worldliness and mere flesh. It was not only that the Puritans were themselves incapable of poetry, although that also is true. All the social and spiritual influences of the tyranny which they instituted are as faithfully reflected in the contemporary and succeeding poetry as

they are in the politics and court life of the Restoration, as they are in its philosophy so hard and material, in its theology so cold and rationalistic, in its religion so formal and worldly, in its theatre, its public manners, its private life.

Here then is the Puritan solution of the human problem. Psychologically it is made to consist in a divorce between spirit and sense, and historically this divorce is founded upon a religious ground. It was their religion which made the Puritans discard all the poetic constituents of life, split sense away from spirit, relegate this world and this body to the companionship of the devil, and seek their human consummation through the development of spirit alone. This implies a radical mistake in their philosophy of life quite apart from the extravagant details through which their spiritual development aimed at realizing itself; and it is the more significant when we consider the extent to which the religious sentiment has always been combined with the poetic, and religion in all its forms has not only allied itself with poetry but depended upon creative art for its emotional sustenance. For poetry is not merely a native instinct of our humanity as it is an instinct of the bird to sing; it is besides in a special and peculiar sense an instinct of religion. In approaching the divine, man has always sought for a rhythmic utterance of his spiritual needs and aspirations, and the voice of prayer has always blended itself with the voice of praise, whether in words or music. Prophet and bard hold the same divine mission, and poetry has been and is the highest vehicle of approach to God, the fiery chariot that bears man heavenwards.

Even in the England of Puritan times, troubled as it was and inauspicious to poetry, there was beyond the strife a circle of quiet like that cloistered peace into which Milton withdrew to write *Paradise Lost*, and there we find a cluster of religious poets interpreting the needs of the



spiritual life with an inspiration that even now has power to sweeten and to soothe. The plainest requirements of the human soul are idealized under the light they bring, and its vaguest yearnings are made to assume a bodily and realistic complexion. There is George Sandys whom Lord Falkland praised. There is George Herbert whose wistful trust and mingled longing and resignation touch the universal chord, who can tell in a single couplet the entire secret of Christian peace when he says,

Methought I heard one calling "Child!"  
And I replied, "My Lord!"

And whose single poem *On Sunday*, which he sung to his lute the Sunday before he died, is worth the whole library of literature the Puritans have given us on the Sabbath question ;

O day most calm, most bright—  
The week were dark but for thy light.

Again, there is Crashaw, who though he passed through no spiritual stress makes us feel the fresh rapture of love with which he binds earth to heaven. He is rendered all the more human by the haunting need that brought him along the way trodden by St. Theresa to touch the robes of the Mater Dolorosa. There is Henry Vaughan, whose poem, *The Retreat*, preludes that of Wordsworth upon the heaven that lies about us in our infancy :

Happy those early hours when I  
Shined in my angel infancy.

His longing—

That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where I have left my glorious train—

is the source, almost in the same language, of the later poet's Intimation that "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home." There is Quarles, and there is Habington, whose *Castara*, like Vaughan's first love, became for him a revelation and embodiment of the divine. Having

mentioned these, we have mentioned all the religious poets of the period (except Milton, who dwells apart) whom posterity has thought worthy of remembrance, but Puritanism, our most intense English form of religion, has produced no poetry worthy of the name. It is idle to regard Andrew Marvell as a Puritan poet, though he did for Puritanism what it would never do for itself,—wrote for it one fine song. Religion enters into his verse only in an undertone that might as properly proceed from a Brahmin as from a Puritan.

There is at least one volume extant of genuine Puritan verse, George Wither's *Hallelujah*, and in this writer's conversion we have summary illustration of the relations of Puritan to poet. Remarkable, as a young man, for his ardent and impulsive nature, a gallant as well as a satirist, and as ready to sing the praises of beauty as to scourge abuses, he threw himself into the political conflict, and preserving in his later years the enthusiasm of his youth, he put on the whole armour of Puritanism as he cast off the old garments of worldliness. In 1641 he published his *Hallelujah*, dedicating to "the Representative Bodies of these Kingdoms" this "Sweet perfume of pious praises compounded according to the art of the spiritual apothecary to further performance of thankful devotions." His preface is peculiarly characteristic. He not only laments the "muddle of dirt" with which his early poems had defiled him, but in view of the "profane songs now delighted in to the dishonour of our language and our religion," he petitions that Parliament, by its wisdom and piety, will provide for the suppression of such, and will by senatorial edict enjoin the use of the *Hallelujah* instead. It is difficult to decide which is the more ludicrous—Wither holding up his *Hallelujah* and groaning over the lyrics of his youth, or Wither petitioning Parliament that Herrick should be interdicted and the *Hallelujah* legalized.

He is now chiefly remembered for one song ;

Shall I wasting in despair  
Die because a woman's fair ?

Think of his remorse on reading over again this lyric, and of the fatuity that claimed parliamentary approval for lines such as the following upon a house-heating ! What would Burns not have made of the subject !

Among those points of neighbourhood

Which our forefathers did allow,  
That custom in esteem hath stood

Which we do put in practice now :  
For when their friends new dwellings had,  
Them thus they welcome thither made.

Or again, *Upon a Ride in the Country* :

With what great speed, with how much  
ease,

On this Thy creature am I borne,  
Which at my will and how I please  
Doth forward go and back return !

One can hardly credit them to come from the same pen. Yet there are hundreds such in the volume—upon walking to church and walking from church, upon parents having children and parents hopeful of children ; songs to sing when we put off our apparel, and songs to sing when we cannot sleep ; verses upon all manner of subjects, written for all manner of people, from man in general and woman in general, to the widower or widow deprived of a troublesome yoke-fellow—all in all a bundle of poverty-stricken doggerel. The poet's art was ruined by his change of faith.

Wither's appeal to Parliament introduces an element indissolubly associated with Puritan fervour, that inherent tendency to propagandism which ended in the organized coercion, political, social, and religious, of the Commonwealth. The Puritan could not rest in his own fervid faith : he was impelled to assume the prerogative of interference ; and because in his eyes, as they were in Chrysostom's, all secular shows were a joy to Satan, because he himself believed that the

brightness of Greek life could be lovable only to "owls educated in the Cimmerian darkness of Anti-Christ," when his hour came, he said emphatically that such things must not be. This interdictory attitude towards alien elements becomes the important item of account when we consider the influence of Puritanism upon English life and literature. But the Puritan faith may also be considered by itself and tested on its own merits. When we adduce the Puritan earnestness and fervour, sustained with such loyalty as theirs, and amid such difficulties as they encountered, there can be no two opinions. At its best it constituted a sublimity of life sufficient to have raised them to the highest range of spiritual greatness, if they could have possessed the sincerity and the seriousness without the dogma. But these were related as cause and effect. They attained to this sincerity and seriousness simply because they had that view of life which their creed inculcated.

Tested by its own merits the earnestness of the Puritan is not the greatest possible ; it is not even equal to the earnestness of the best Christianity. We might compare it with the earnestness of medieval Catholicism ; with the full and sweet fervour with which Anselm bound humanity to the feet of God ; or with the compassionate idealism of St. Francis ; or even with the languors of the *De Imitatione*, whose half Puritanic refrain of *vanitas vanitatum* communicates the secret of spiritual consolation in its wistful pleading for sympathy ; and thus comparing we should find in the Puritan's earnestness a note of something harsh and even outside the range of kind humanity. We should find the spirit of medieval Catholicism rise as far above the spirit of Puritan preaching as the *Pilgrim's Progress* falls below the *Divina Commedia* and the vision of Beatrice. But even as a Protestant movement, recoiling as it did into an extreme hatred of Popery, Puritanism has the incompleteness of all violent

reactions and its ideal appears fragmentary when set beside the Protestantism of Hooker, and Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor. The religion of these Anglicans included within their range of vision wide spheres of human endeavour while they sought a glimpse of the divine; that of the Puritan is only a fevered isolation.

Or we might compare the Puritan seriousness with other English seriousness of the same epoch. Soon after the English Reformation was settled and while Puritanism was just rising into strength, Spenser published his *Shepherd's Calendar* and began to write the *Fairy Queen*. A little later, when Nicholas Bound was formulating the Puritan characteristic dogma of the Sabbath, Shakespeare was writing *All's Well that Ends Well*, and was already engaged upon *Hamlet*. Later still when Puritanism like the Blatant Beast had spewed a hundred devouring and irreconcilable sects, each with its formula that could measure the universe and the soul of man, and all of them united only by their common antipathy to what is rational and what is beautiful, Lord Falkland was holding those social gatherings at Tew which amid the strife and heat of that age were like fountains of water in dry places. When the Puritans had issued victorious and were striving to bind the intellect of England in bands of iron, when they were endeavouring their utmost to bring the country to a state of spiritual destitution that would have rendered her unfit to produce a literature at all, Jeremy Taylor, true Elizabethan and poet in all but the verse, let his imagination bloom into a renewed luxuriance of the Renaissance in his *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and in his *Liberty of Prophecy* vindicated the authority of reason against Presbyterian Calvinism. If we consider the age in which the Puritans lived, the age of Spenser and Shakespeare, of Lord Falkland and Jeremy Taylor, and recollect that it was the aim of Puritanism to crush at once the Renaissance and the Anglican Revival

of which these men were the genuine issue; if we consider further the start which England had made in Elizabeth's time, and observe how the poetic bravery of Elizabethan life was dashed and its beauty soiled as Puritan influence became strong, we shall not lightly say that the Puritans were the right men for the right place, without first reflecting how far the need for their existence was a necessity of their own creation.

The radical mistake of the Puritan view and of every view of life which tends thitherwards lay in their divorce between spirit and sense. The difference between this and other religious views familiar to English minds, is a difference of degree rather than of kind. The mistake is a radical one; in Puritanism the error is only intensified. All the fluctuating forms of this error are only repetitions of the error made by the anchorites of the early Catholic church and uplifted in monumental absurdity on the pillar of Simeon. The poetic ideal is "to see life clearly and to see it whole." One who rendered to poetry his most profound devotion as a faith has so expressed it; and the utterance of poetry must possess moreover "the accent of high seriousness born of absolute sincerity." This was to some extent the ideal of the Hebrew bards. It was the ideal of Athens, the ideal of Shakespeare, of Goethe. It implies that view of life which has regard for the entire harmony of man's being, which without dis severing spirit from sense seeks to combine the complex and discordant elements of existence in a way that will render necessary the absolute sacrifice of no integral part. The Puritan ideal is the religious ideal intensified to a white heat. It seeks to reach the divine by debasing the human, to make the tree shoot higher by cutting off the branches. While the highest effort of poetry is never either purely sensuous or purely spiritual but that strong health which grows out of their fusion, Puritanism throws degrading epithets at the sen-

suous nature and seeks victory by sacrifice and suppression. The result instead of being healthy is morbid. Even at its best Puritanism, and every such faith, is morbid. The spirit of man will not endure this divorce. The physical organism cannot be peeled off. No agony of asceticism or of religion can ever purge away the sensuous nature. The highest life is as much a life of the seen as it is of the unseen universe, and whether he be fanatic or philosopher it is only by a mutilation of his being that a man can reach the Beautiful Gates if he perpetrates this divorce between spirit and sense. Mind and body, faith and reason, thought and passion, soul, intellect, and senses are one life and not several, and the divorce which any such theory, be it religious or philosophical, introduces into the life of man, is one which nature herself never instituted, and one for which nature always takes her revenge.

The question then with which religion faces the problem is, "What will become of me when I die?" The other form is that which underlies poetry, "What is the highest meaning of this life for man?" All true literature is, as Matthew Arnold said, a criticism of life; and this is what poetry does more than other literature, far more than Puritanism or any phase of religion akin to it; it regards the problem of life in the only way in which it will now endure to be regarded. It recognizes the darkness and knows the hopelessness of groping in it by the help of fitful false gleams struck from "the everlasting flint." It looks upon the hieroglyphic, and acknowledges its impotence to interpret. It turns to the light, and finding that man's destiny is concerned more with health here than salvation hereafter, it seeks to unravel the finite ends of those threads that

stretch into the infinite, and to weave them into an harmonious woof blended with shining colours of "the light that never was on sea or land." Or it catches those best swift moments of evanescent emotion, "passions caught i' the midway swim of sea," or those noblest and brightest flashes of human action, and fixes them jewelled in the human firmament. Or it transforms and recombines the wayward materials of human life, and purifying them of every element of death, presents them in immortal transfiguration.

—Fleet the years,  
And still the poet's page holds Helena  
At gaze from topmost Troy.

But its power and its assurance of ascendancy rest always upon its truthfulness to human nature and the world in which we live. It knows that we cannot rid ourselves of this world nor of any part of ourselves; and seeking as it does instinctively the most beautiful and the most healthful life, it knows also that this life is found where no such riddance is attempted. It is ethical indeed, in the sense in which all true art is ethical, but such ethical quality is found in the presentation of results conspicuous for no marked and positive didacticism rather than in dictation of the process by which health is attained. Poetry never preaches. It recognizes the undying need that consciously or unconsciously dwells in the heart of every one of us, the need to be human. To meet this need it idealizes and harmonizes the humanity that is our favourite heritage, and ignoring the feeble distinctions that have regard for only a partial section of our being, it presents us with the satisfying fulness of a human and earthly ideal.

JOHN G. DOW.

## THE MAN WHO WAS.

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack Regiment and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Badakshan, Chitral, Beluchistan, or Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government being in an unusually affable mood gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen. So he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with Her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated after the manner of the Russians with little enamelled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task, or cask, by the Black Tyrone who individually and collectively with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of every kind had striven in all hospitality

to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrone, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner—that foreigner is certain to be a superior man.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. All that they possessed, including some wondrous brandy, was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious" and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side and the great mission of civilising Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilised after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on



all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organisation of Her Majesty's White Hussars. And indeed they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one hussar. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment, being by nature contradictory; and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer the senior captain to little Mildred the junior subaltern, who could have given her four thousand a year and a title.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had once met the regiment officially and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars children of the devil and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines—beautiful Martini-Henri carbines that would lob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds

weight of rupees, or sixteen pounds sterling reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves who crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from locked arm-racks, and in the hot weather when all the barrack doors and windows were open they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them for family vendettas and contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one rifle-thief bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results; for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

They gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded. They were lighter men than the Hussars and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab Frontier Force, and all Irregular Horse. Like everything else in the service it has to be learnt, but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be



remembered. All the mess plate was out on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five officers after a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter-roses lay between the silver candlesticks, and the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England, instead of on the road to Thibet and the daily risk of his life by ledge, snow-slide and grassy slope.

The servants in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars, and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternising effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner-slips and the first toast of obligation, when the colonel rising said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her," and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to settle their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be by sea or by land. Dirkovitch rose with his

"brothers glorious" but he could not understand. No one but an officer can tell what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar Team. He could not of course eat with the mess, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue and silver turban atop, and the big black boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his sabre in token of fealty for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of:—"Rung ho, Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular. "Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment. Much honour have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you. But we were beaten" ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologise!") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear! Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you.") "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out

side by side, though *they*," again his eye sought Dirkovitch, "though *they* I say have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that sounded like a musket butt on flagstones he sat down amid leaping glasses.

Dirkovitch who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly Hira Singh's was the speech of the evening, and the clamour might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenceless left side. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the verandah flags, and it was as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning!" said the colonel testily. "See, if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' towards the barracks, sir, past the main road sentries, an' the sentry 'e sez, sir —"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another glass of brandy.

"What does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez 'e speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess

instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business——"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four and big in proportion. The corporal seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine-thief who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leapt to his feet. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "That man is no Afghan for they weep *Ai! Ai!* Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep *Oh! Ho!* He weeps after the fashion of the white men who say *Ow! Ow!*"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh!" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his carbines. They were to him as his grandchildren,

the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing because he's built that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were in fact rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. "Oh, my God!" he said, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led them into the verandah and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go and he looked at Dirkovitch. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy-paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confi-

dences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch at the far end of the table slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam in this present imperfect world can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars, brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he was digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars from the date of their formation have concluded all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune; it is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel. "Call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry-glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate, in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven branched candlestick, three springs on each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—Oh what is it?" said little Mildred. Then as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse. Yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer in a thick, passionless guttural—"Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke—very slowly, “Where is *our* horse?”

There is but one horse in the White Hussars and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man’s hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece, it clattered on the ledge as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered towards the bottom of the table falling into Mildred’s chair. Then all the men spoke to one another something after this fashion, “The drum-horse hasn’t hung over the mantelpiece since ’67.” “How does he know?” “Mildred go and speak to him again.” “Colonel, what are you going to do?” “Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together.” “It isn’t possible anyhow. The man’s a lunatic.”

Little Mildred stood at the colonel’s side talking in his ear. “Will you be good enough to take your seats please, gentlemen!” he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs. Only Dirkovitch’s seat, next to little Mildred’s, was blank, and little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh’s place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in little Mildred’s chair and said hoarsely, “Mr. Vice, the Queen.” There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered without hesitation, “The Queen, God bless her!” and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman and there were no unclean ideals in

the land, it was the custom of a few messes to drink the Queen’s toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

“That settles it,” said the colonel, with a gasp. “He’s not a sergeant. What in the world is he?”

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling, rose Dirkovitch who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and grovelled. It was a horrible sight coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen’s toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch’s upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks and the pupils of his eyes dilated. Also his face changed. He said something that sounded like *Shto ve takete*, and the man fawning answered, *Chetere*.

“What’s that?” said everybody together.

“His number. That is number four, you know,” Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

“What has a Queen’s officer to do with a qualified number?” said the Colonel, and there was an unpleasant growl round the table.

“How can I tell?” said the affable Oriental with a sweet smile. “He is a—how you have it?—escape—run-a-

way, from over there." He nodded towards the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said little Mildred settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand no one said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg in a body to learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer get the rolls!" said little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bare-headed to the orderly-room where the muster-rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore, my dear friends, I am most sorry to say there was an accident which would have been repairable if he had apologised to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Then followed another growl which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood just then to weigh insults to Russian colonels.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things.

It was an accident; done because he did not apologise to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited un-Christian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves a-top of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason. *Missing.*' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologised. Said he'd see him d——d first," chorused the mess.

"Poor chap! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason of the White Hussars?"

Swiftly as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not seem to lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the toast of the Queen. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.



The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began :

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitable. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But in us Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much—millions peoples that have done nothing—not one thing. Posh! Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get a-way!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin-shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get a-way, you old peoples," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make this poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant

had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the Dead March, and the tramp of the squadrons, told the wondering Station who saw no gap in the mess-table, that an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch, bland, supple, and always genial, went away too by a night-train. Little Mildred and another man saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of that mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-bye, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes, but I will come again. My dear friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want? Cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small.

"Of—all—the—unmitigated——!"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star and hummed a selection from a recent Simla burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran :

I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,  
I'm sorry to cause him pain;  
But a terrible spree there's sure to be  
When he comes back again.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



## INSIDE THE HOUSE.

BY A SPECTATOR.

FIVE weeks of the session have passed away. We are within a fortnight of the Easter holidays. No work has yet been done. It is true that the work of Parliament ought not to be estimated merely by the record of the bills which have been passed, or by the amount of money that has been voted. The House of Commons is the great arena of national discussion, and the jostling together of antagonistic views that there takes place, and the keen criticism to which the party system subjects every act and speech of our leading statesmen, are often eminently fruitful of good results, though no immediate legislation be the consequence. A good debate in Parliament clears the air. In these days Parliament has not, as it had practically in former times, a monopoly of the business of national discussion. In the press and the platform keen competitors in this field have arisen. But it is in Parliament alone that opposing statesmen meet each other face to face. There platitudes, which are good enough for packed public meetings, have to be abandoned for exhortations and arguments which the orator knows well will be dissected the very moment he sits down by some opponent who possesses as much knowledge and skill as himself. It is there that statesmen disclose to the public the true stuff of which they are made, that reputations are won and lost, and that the beginnings of fresh parties and new combinations are first disclosed.

Early in January and shortly before Parliament met, Mr. Goschen addressing his constituents rejoiced at the approach of a session which, however much it would increase the personal labours of himself and his colleagues,

would yet force their opponents to formulate in plain language any charges they had to bring. He was speaking of certain whispered suggestions of gross misconduct on the part of Government, which Mr. Labouchere professed would, when made fully public, cover the Ministry with the disgrace of having tampered in the interest of criminals with the due administration of the criminal law. One night of the House of Commons blew these malignant slanders into the air. Mr. Labouchere's case was no sooner stated than it was refuted; and the interest of the evening consisted less in the disclosures which Mr. Labouchere had to make than in the suspension of the honourable member himself for a week from the service of the House for disregarding the authority of the Chair. The Chairman of Committees holds that it is contrary to order to give the lie (in effect) to a member of the House of Lords; and Mr. Labouchere had done this to Lord Salisbury. Now, if there is one man in the House of Commons who on every occasion knows his own mind, it is Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of Committees. It is admitted that a member must not, in debate, give the lie to another member, and the Chairman declares that Parliamentary usage extends the same courtesy to members of the other branch of the legislature. Accordingly he promptly requires Mr. Labouchere to withdraw the objectionable words. The latter, somewhat to the amusement of the House, declares that "his conscience" prevents his obeying the Chairman's ruling, and he repeats the offence. "Then I name you, Mr. Henry Labouchere for disregarding the authority of the Chair," and the

other steps are rapidly taken which entail the banishment for a whole week from the House of Commons of its brightest ornament below the gangway. Mr. Labouchere might of course, had he so chosen, by a single word of explanation, have put himself in order, have escaped suspension, and yet have maintained his own view of the case. For Mr. Labouchere, however, suspension has few terrors. With the rowdy element, in Northampton and in the country, increased popularity is to be won by an ostentatious resistance to every form of authority, and no doubt Mr. Labouchere has his reward. Mr. Conybeare has found himself a popular hero in Cornwall from the frequency with which he used to hurl defiance against the tyranny of the Chair. That which has made Mr. Conybeare intolerable and ridiculous at Westminster, has made him a hero in the eyes of his constituents in distant Cornwall. Unfortunately on the present occasion the offender against order is something more than an ordinary independent member. It is useless to pretend that Mr. Labouchere, whom till the present Parliament was elected no one dreamed of taking seriously, is not now to some extent the leader of a party, one of those chiefs upon whom by force of circumstances Mr. Gladstone is compelled to lean. Indeed were a Home Rule cabinet to come into power to-morrow, most men (with the exception probably of Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues) believe that Mr. Labouchere would take his place within the charmed circle; for assuredly there are not more than two men amongst Mr. Gladstone's friends on the front Opposition bench who exercise greater power over the Gladstonian party either in Parliament or outside. It is a most singular circumstance that Mr. Labouchere should have attained his present position. He possesses great cleverness, and a keen eye for the weak spots in the case of his opponents. Absolutely in-

capable of making a great speech, he generally makes a clever, and almost always an amusing one. Yet it is often very evident that the House, though pleased at the temporary relief afforded from the monotonous tedium of the bores, at heart resents being treated as if the end and object of the House of Commons were to provide a stage on which the senior member for Northampton may play his antics and cut his jokes. Amongst his friends Mr. Labouchere disarms criticism by the perfect frankness with which he disclaims all seriousness. Till quite lately Gladstonian leaders, though very willing to receive his assistance in Parliament, were not often found beside him on the platform. This coyness on their part is, however, passing away, and his receptions in the country at public meetings, and the countenance he has lately received on these occasions from men of high position in the party of Mr. Gladstone, indicate the rapid advance he has made towards high rank in the Home Rule army. There is something almost grotesque in the fact that the Radical member, whose name, more than that of any other member of Parliament of the day, is associated with the most advanced radical and democratic cause, should be the editor of a newspaper whose special province it is weekly to record all the tittle-tattle of the West End, and to which the sayings and doings, visitings and journeyings of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, are of the most supreme importance. It is of course essential that a social newspaper should grovel to "Society." Mr. Gladstone, has, moreover, so much earnestness in his character, that perhaps it is useful that his lieutenants should be conspicuous for other and lighter qualities. Nevertheless, the public cannot forbear smiling when it reflects that the rampant Radical of politics in Parliament is also the editor of *Truth*.

The relations that exist between the orthodox leaders of the Opposition in

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the present House of Commons, and those who sit on the same side of the House below the gangway, are in many respects full of interest. In old days the "Radicals below the gangway" were a sturdy body of men very much in earnest, with whom a man of the temperament of Mr. Labouchere would never have acquired influence. Nowadays two-thirds of the seats in that part of the House are occupied by the followers of Mr. Parnell, mostly, of course, Roman Catholics. Yet Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone's successor, can never hope for a working Parliamentary majority, unless he can entirely rely both upon the party of Mr. Labouchere (cleverly nicknamed Jacobyns by Mr. Goschen, after Mr. Jacoby, Mr. Labouchere's whip) and the party of Mr. Parnell. A difficulty, and one perhaps pregnant with future consequences, arose, even before the debate on the Address had come to an end. The Gladstonian party was showing its zeal in the cause of free education, by pressing against the Government an amendment to the Address. Almost all Liberals are now in favour of relieving parents from the burden of paying for the schooling of children whom the State compels them to educate. But if the public undertake the pecuniary burden, should it not also control the management of the schools? The Radicals have always been and still are opposed to the denominational system of education. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, here and all over the world, insist upon having their children separately educated in their own schools under the control of the Roman Catholic Church. If free education is adopted, what will happen to the voluntary schools? The great body of the voluntary schools are, in fact, Church of England schools, subject of course, like all state-aided schools, to "a conscience clause." If the education in these, and the Roman Catholic and other voluntary schools, is to be "freed" at the expense of the nation, is it nevertheless right and wise

to leave their whole management to the several denominations? The English Radicals say, No! There must be some representation of the public interest upon every board of school managers. Mr. Gladstone is absent, and Mr. Morley is for the moment leading the Opposition; and he knows well that unless he can lead both English Radicals and Irish Parnellites with him into the lobby, the division will cover himself and his friends with ridicule. In a rash moment, in order to avoid an imminent and most pressing difficulty, Mr. Morley took a course which will probably prepare for himself much future trouble. He secured the Parnellite vote on that occasion by promising to leave to denominational control the schools of such religious bodies as the Roman Catholics and the Jews, while freeing their education; and he kept for the moment the support of the English Radicals by declaring that the same treatment was not to be extended to the schools of the Church of England, where some sort of State control would have to be introduced. The latter schools and these only were intended, according to Mr. Morley, for the general public.

This threatened inequality of treatment has startled the public not a little. And the proposal to endow with State funds the Roman Catholic schools, and to give up their entire management to the Roman Catholic Church, is of a nature to revolt the consciences of a large number of Mr. Morley's followers in the country. For the moment, however, his tactics were successful, and the whole of his ill-assorted following supported him in the lobby. Mr. Chamberlain has an eye for a weak place in his opponent's armour, as well as a liking for the equal treatment of rival religions. He has called public attention so pointedly to the peculiarity of Mr. Morley's position, that the burning zeal of Gladstonians for the discussion of free education has become somewhat cooled, and the subject will stand

over till the arrival of that dim and distant future known in the House of Commons as "after Easter."

According to the Opposition orators of the Recess, the present Session was to disclose a deliberate and hideous plot on the part of *The Times*, the Government, and certain eminent Unionists, to ruin by false charges the fair fame of their political opponents. The tables were to be turned, and the charge of conspiracy was to be pressed against those who had made it. Upon the publication of the report of the three judges on the "charges and allegations" of *The Times*, Gladstonians and Parnellites began to assume a less aggressive attitude. On the question of the conduct of the Parnellite members, politicians had of course, unfortunately, long taken sides, and the opinion of the country has in all probability hardly been affected one way or the other by all the speeches that have been delivered during seven days' debate in the House of Commons. The debate has not been one of those which clears the air. But the Blue-book which contains the report of the judges will remain long after it has ceased to be made use of for the mere party purpose of the moment, a most important State Paper, recording in calm and weighty language the history of a remarkable political organization. It is written with singular impartiality and moderation, and it conclusively establishes the truth of certain hitherto much disputed facts, which will not soon fade from the memory of the British people. Mr. Smith, in moving the adoption of the report, rightly made use of studiously moderate language; yet he hardly appeared to appreciate adequately the gravity of the judges' deliverance and the great importance to the nation that it should realise fully the true character of an organization which claimed to be a constitutional political movement.

As between Mr. Parnell and *The Times*, the question of the authenticity of the famous letters was of the

greatest importance. The judges had found that the letters were forgeries, that *The Times* had been defrauded, and that Mr. Parnell had been calumniated. This is, however, a matter of only secondary and temporary interest to the nation. It is, on the other hand, of great and lasting importance that the objects of the Irish Home Rule Party should be understood, and that the means by which they have tried to advance those objects should be understood also. Never in the history of this country, in constitutional times, has so heavy an indictment been laid and proved against a political party. The object of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Dillon, and of half-a-dozen others, the leading spirits of the Land League and now members of Parliament, in establishing and maintaining that organization, was "by its means to bring about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation." The means employed by these gentlemen and by other members of the Land League were in the first place the establishment in Ireland of "a system of intimidation of a most severe and cruel character." "An elaborate and all pervading tyranny" it is called elsewhere, by which the Irish landlords, who were described as the English garrison, were to be driven out of the country. Secondly, by circulating newspapers whose advocacy of a policy of dynamite and whose occasional praises of assassination were a disgrace to civilization. Thirdly, by obtaining the assistance of the Irish National League of America, a body completely controlled by the infamous Clan-na-Gael. In 1886 and 1887 there was paid to the Parnellite members of the House of Commons by the enemies of England in America a sum of 18,000*l.*, and the judges declared that in order to obtain the assistance of the most violent section of the American Irish, Mr. Parnell and his friends had abstained from repudiating or condemning the action of the Physical

Force party, including this very Clann-Gael. Mr. Bright, then, had spoken merely the simple truth, when three years ago he declared "that Mr. Parnell's right hand clasped the hand of Mr. Gladstone on this side of the Atlantic, whilst with the other he maintained a fraternal greeting with the gang in New York by whom outrage and murder were deemed patriotism in Ireland, and who collected the funds out of which more than half the Irish party received their pay."

As Mr. Smith resumes his seat, Mr. Gladstone, amidst the ringing cheers of the Parnellites, and the less noisy demonstrations of his English followers, springs to his feet. To a bad speaker with a good case, succeeded the greatest orator in England with almost no case at all. He invited the House of Commons to disregard the whole of the Report, *with the exception* of that part which dealt with the forged letters, and to record in heated language its condemnation of the flagrant iniquity of that particular "allegation." Mr. Gladstone, in a crowded House, spoke with extraordinary rhetorical power. It was evident that at times he was under the influence of intense passion. No one who reads his language in the newspapers, given though it is verbatim, can form an idea of the impression that such a speech produces, for the moment at least, upon those who hear him. The intensity of his earnestness, the impossibility of doubting the sincerity of the feeling which for the time animates him, are felt even by his strongest opponents; though these opponents are evidently in the view of the orator himself, wicked men rather than mistaken ones. All this distinguishes his speaking from that of every other public man of the present day. Mr. Gladstone at eighty is still the orator of the House of Commons. There is no one who can be named as second to him. He stands alone. Yet it is neither wise nor right that men should surrender their individual judgments to the ab-

solute sway of even the most splendid rhetoric. And, alas! the great speech when subjected to calm reasoning breaks down. Then, the quiet language of the judges is weighed in the scales against the passionate utterances of the party leader, and the latter kick the beam. *The Times* newspaper may be denounced; but what then? Doubtless parliamentary leaders, in the days of the Long Parliament, did deeds it is impossible to justify; but what then? Can we look upon the misdeeds of great men in the most trying periods in our history as precedents to justify modern conspiracy against the unity of the nation, or to excuse the recourse of the Parnellites to the methods condemned by the judges? And even Home Rulers could not but call to mind that Mr. Gladstone, the leader of the Opposition, was excusing the very men, and palliating the very crimes that Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, had most sternly condemned.

The debate afterwards languished, at times becoming intolerably dreary. Members, perhaps because many of them were gentlemen who had been professionally engaged as lawyers before the Commission, *would* go behind the Report of the judges, and themselves attempt to re-try the case. It is known that Sir Henry James had been anxious that he and all the other counsel in the case should abstain altogether from joining in the debate. Had his wishes prevailed, the House would have been saved many speeches which would have been appropriate enough had the learned members been moving a court of law for a new trial, but which were quite irrelevant to the real issue before the House of Commons. It was inevitable perhaps that Mr. Reid, Q.C., considering his position, should take a different view from the Commissioners as to the non-production by his clients of the Land League books. The boycotting system, so sharply condemned by the judges, appeared to



him no more than the ordinary practice of the Primrose League! Mr. Asquith, Q.C., spoke of the Clan-na-Gael as a "friendly society"! and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., abounded in argument to prove that the findings of the Commissioners were against the weight of evidence! Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., was "unable to affirm" (from his independent standpoint forsooth!) "that the three judges were "free from prepossessions and prejudices, or were capable of dealing judicially with many of the questions that arose in the course of the inquiry." It had almost bordered on the ludicrous when in the earlier part of the debate, Mr. Gladstone, himself at times almost in a whirlwind of passion, more than suggested that the judges could not form a calm judicial judgment upon the facts before them. "A right temper and disposition and honour and good faith," he had declared, "do not expel from the human mind and from human action all the effects of prepossession." But now we have the very counsel in the cause posing as superior in impartiality to the judges who have decided against them! And of course they could not help regarding the interest of their clients as against *The Times* as of infinitely greater importance than the proper appreciation by the public of the character, objects, and methods of Mr. Parnell's party, which it is in truth the essential merit of the Report to have disclosed. This it was that gave an unfortunate tendency to the whole debate, the tone of which further suffered from the occasional personal asperity and warmth of feeling between opposing counsel which had much better have been left behind them in court. The Report is the result of an impartial inquiry into matters of supreme national importance; it is a gross error to treat it merely as the judgment of a court of law in the private lawsuit of Parnell v. *The Times*.

The speeches of Sir Charles Russell

and of Sir Henry James were however worthy of their great position at the bar. The latter took part in the debate with reluctance; yet the speech which he delivered was one which the House of Commons would not willingly have missed. Mr. Gladstone had declared that Irish outrages between 1880-82, "were the outcome of the contest between liberty and tyranny." "If so," said Sir Henry James turning to the Irish benches, "who were the oppressed? Was it the members of the Land League who at this time had set all lawful authority at defiance, and had the virtual control of the lives and property of the tenants of Ireland?" Then turning to Mr. Gladstone beside him he asked "and who were the tyrants? If the oppressed were sitting there below the gangway, the tyrants were those who are now sitting here on the front Opposition bench."

Curiosity and perhaps even a little anxiety was aroused on the same evening, the fifth evening of the debate, when Mr. Jennings, the member for Stockport, gave notice of his intention to add to Mr. Smith's motion a few words conveying the censure of the House upon the conduct of those responsible for the accusation connected with the forged letters; for Mr. Jennings is universally recognized as a devoted follower of Lord Randolph Churchill. The Government had again and again declared its wish to adopt the Report of the Commissioners "without note or comment." If censure was to be inflicted upon those found guilty under one charge, clearly it must be inflicted also upon those found guilty under other charges. The late Conservative leader of the House of Commons, it appears, intends to oppose a Conservative Ministry. Two or three Liberal Unionists are believed to disapprove the policy of the Government with regard to the Report of the Parnell Commission. Is there any chance that the House as a whole will leave the Government in a



minority and so produce a Ministerial crisis?

For these reasons the attention of the House is less occupied on Monday by the speeches, though among them was one of great force from Mr. Balfour, and by the division on Mr. Gladstone's amendment, than in speculating what the next day might produce.

Lord Randolph Churchill's importance as a statesman it is difficult to estimate. He first became known to the public, as the leader of the "Fourth Party," that little band of four members, who in the Parliament of 1880-1885 distinguished themselves no less by the persistency and recklessness of their opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Government, than by their defiance of the authority of Sir Stafford Northcote and the Conservative leaders: on occasions when the latter were restrained, by a sense of responsibility to the higher interests of the country, from making political capital out of party attacks. It is not easy to say what were, or what are, the political principles of Lord Randolph Churchill. In June, 1885, he was to all appearance acting in close co-operation with the followers of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone's ministry fell, and the Free Lance below the gangway becomes at once Secretary of State for India in the first cabinet of Lord Salisbury. On Lord Salisbury's return to power at the beginning of the existing Parliament, Lord Randolph steps on to the stage as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, but before the end of the year (1886), he has thrown the Government into confusion by resigning office, on the ground of his unappreciated and unsupported efforts to guard the public purse in the cause of national economy. Since then he has played the part of an independent member, and though professing attachment to the party of the Union, he has on several occasions shown very little love for the Unionist Govern-

ment. He is a ready and brilliant debater; he is never afraid to stand alone, and he possesses in a very singular degree the "ear of the country." These qualities necessarily give power, unless they are neutralized by very serious defects. Lord Randolph Churchill, in office or out of it, has yet to show that he can work with other men. Politicians may admire him, may fear him; but they do not trust him. The public may throng to hear his speeches, may cheer them to the echo; but is there one amongst his hearers who comes away believing "that all the ends he aims at are his country's," and that in the trying times that are before us his accession to any government would give it increased claim to the confidence and support of the people? When the ex-Leader of the House rose on the seventh evening of the debate from his accustomed corner-seat above the gangway, all ears were strained towards him. His attitude was one of declared hostility to the Government. They had discarded the ordinary law courts of the land. They had erected an unconstitutional tribunal composed of their own nominees, before which they had dragged their political opponents. His speech was of course welcomed by Parnellites and Gladstonians with repeated cheers. "At what is he driving?" members on his own side ask. "Only a few weeks ago he was reproaching Mr. Bradlaugh with the Conservative prejudice that rendered him an opponent of the 'Eight Hours Bill'! He is now using the language of Sir William Harcourt! Is the late leader of the Conservatives going to break altogether with his own party, and attach to himself new friends?" Mr. Jennings, at all events, was staggered. He refused to move an amendment that had been made use of by Lord Randolph as the pretext of a speech which, he declared, was nothing less than "a stab in the back" to Lord Salisbury's Government. His place was taken by Mr.

Caine, who found a seconder in the Gladstonian member for Ilkeston (Sir B. W. Foster). After a vehement fighting speech from Mr. Goschen, which greatly stirred the House, and a reply from Mr. Morley, members filed into their respective lobbies and it was discovered that only one Conservative had followed the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill. By the abstention, however, of several members, the majority of the previous evening of seventy-one for Government was reduced to a majority of sixty-two.

Mr. Parnell, though his character has suffered severely from the findings of the Commissioners, did not ad-

dress the House. Indeed, he can scarcely be said to have attended the debate, though he voted in both divisions.

So ends the debate on the Parnell Commission. The Blue Book remains; and assuredly it deserves the careful examination of all who wish to understand that great Home Rule controversy, the present cause of division between parties.

The debate on Privilege, the debate on the Address, and the debate on the Parnell Commission, have been at last brought to an end. The way is now clear for the House of Commons to address itself to business.

*March 18th.*

END OF VOL. LXI.

